



LORE **OLYMPUS**



CREATED BY RACHEL SMYTHE
EDITED BY BRE BOSWELL


EPISODE 257: ROOT OF THE PROBLEM

**Hebe braves the Mortal
Realm.**



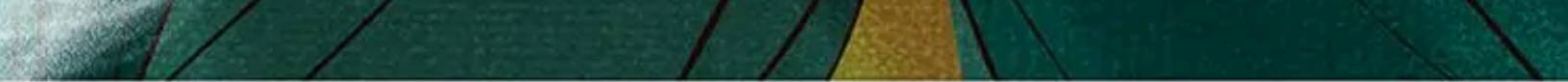




A large, hand-drawn style speech bubble with a black outline. It has a long, thin tail pointing downwards and to the right, ending in a small circle. The bubble is positioned in the center of the frame. The background is white, with a dark teal horizontal band at the bottom. In the top right corner, there are some faint, pixelated grey marks. In the bottom right corner, there are two small, semi-transparent circular icons: the top one contains an upward-pointing arrow and the bottom one contains a downward-pointing arrow.

What's going on with this
weather? It's meant to be
spring?

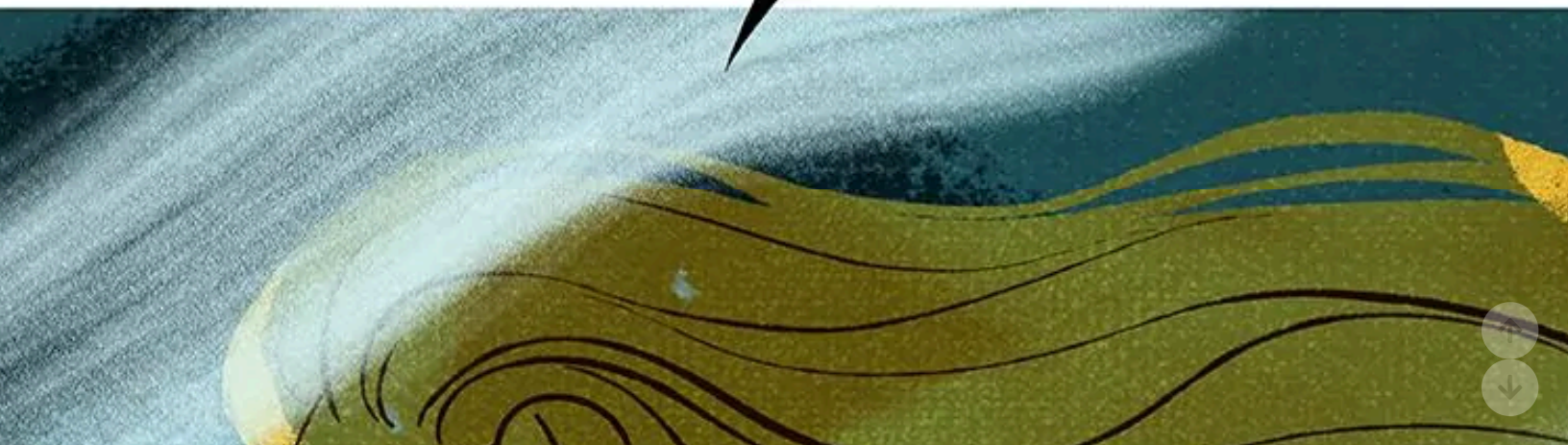




It's supposed
to be 180 days of
fun-fun spring,

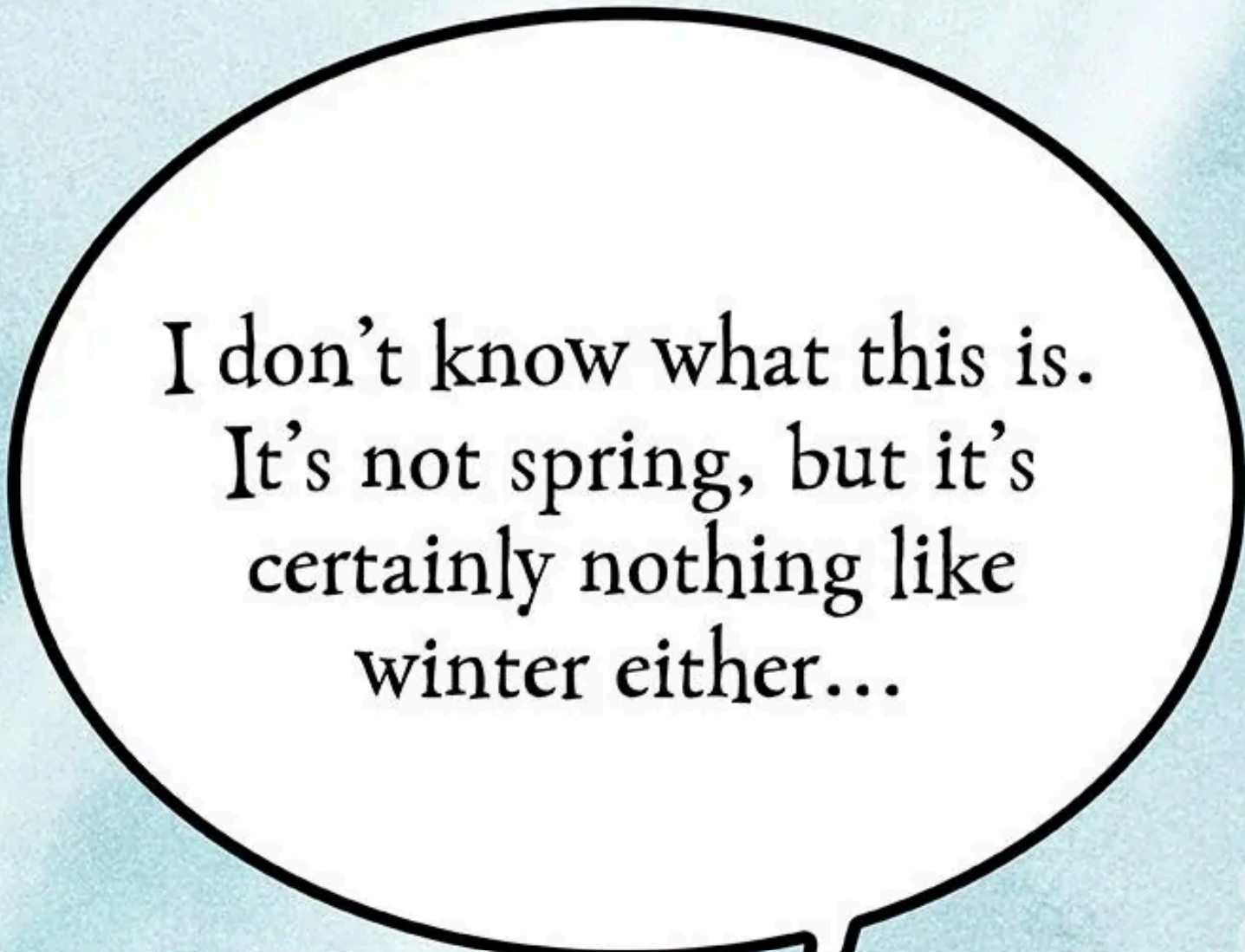
180 days of glorious
summer,

which leaves
five days for an
atmospheric
winter.










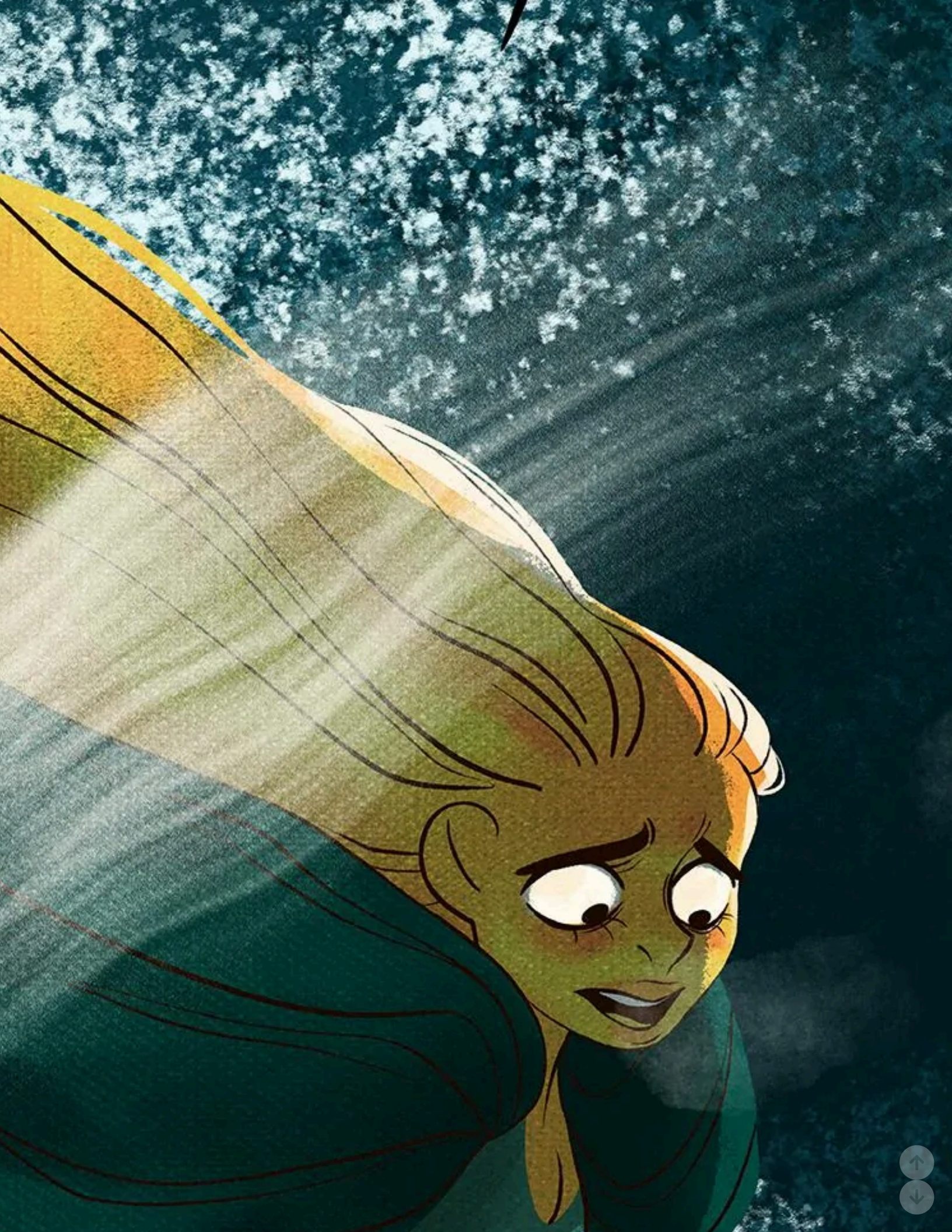
I don't know what this is.
It's not spring, but it's
certainly nothing like
winter either...







S-sir?



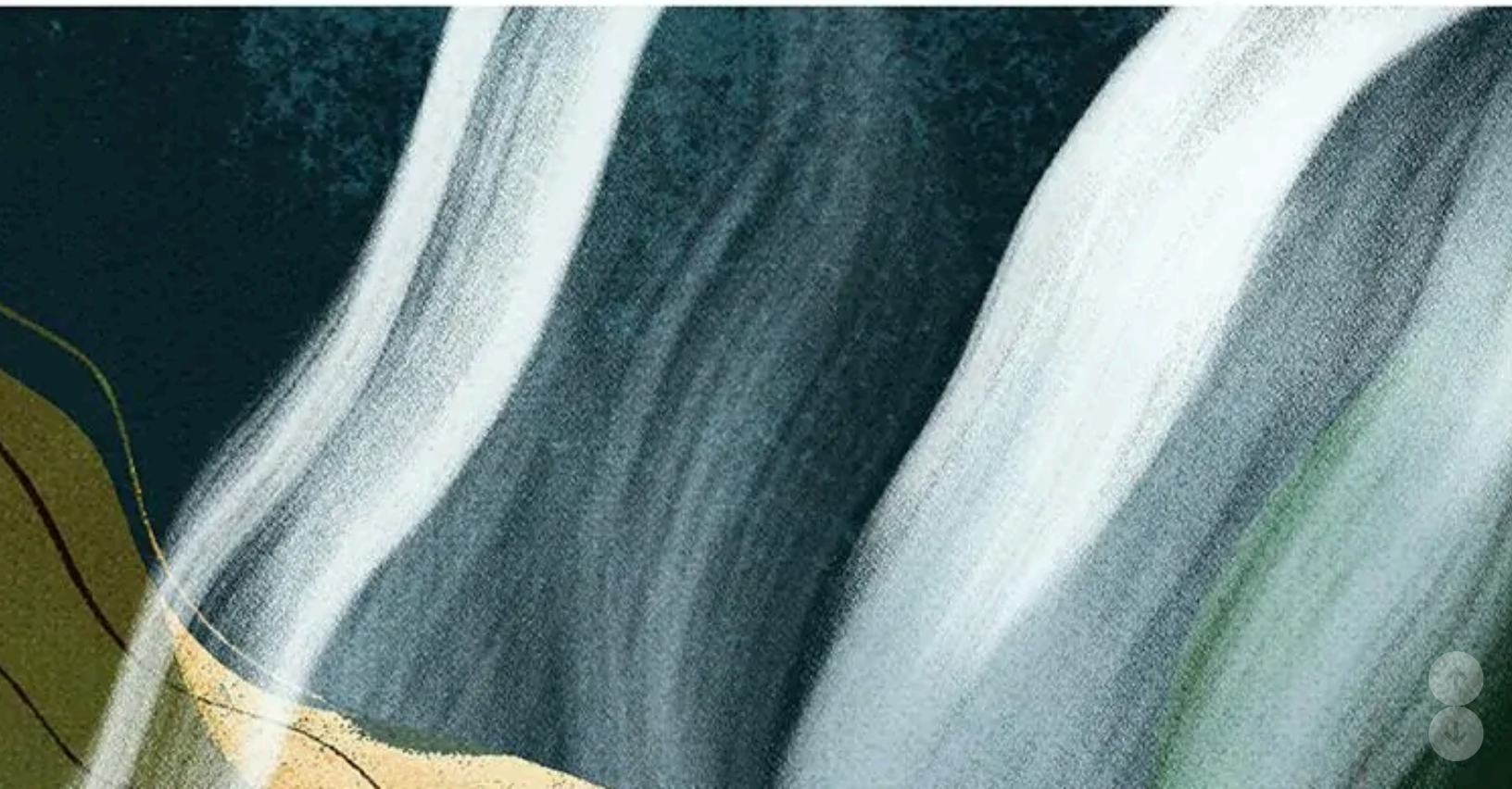


GASP!





What on
Olympus!?





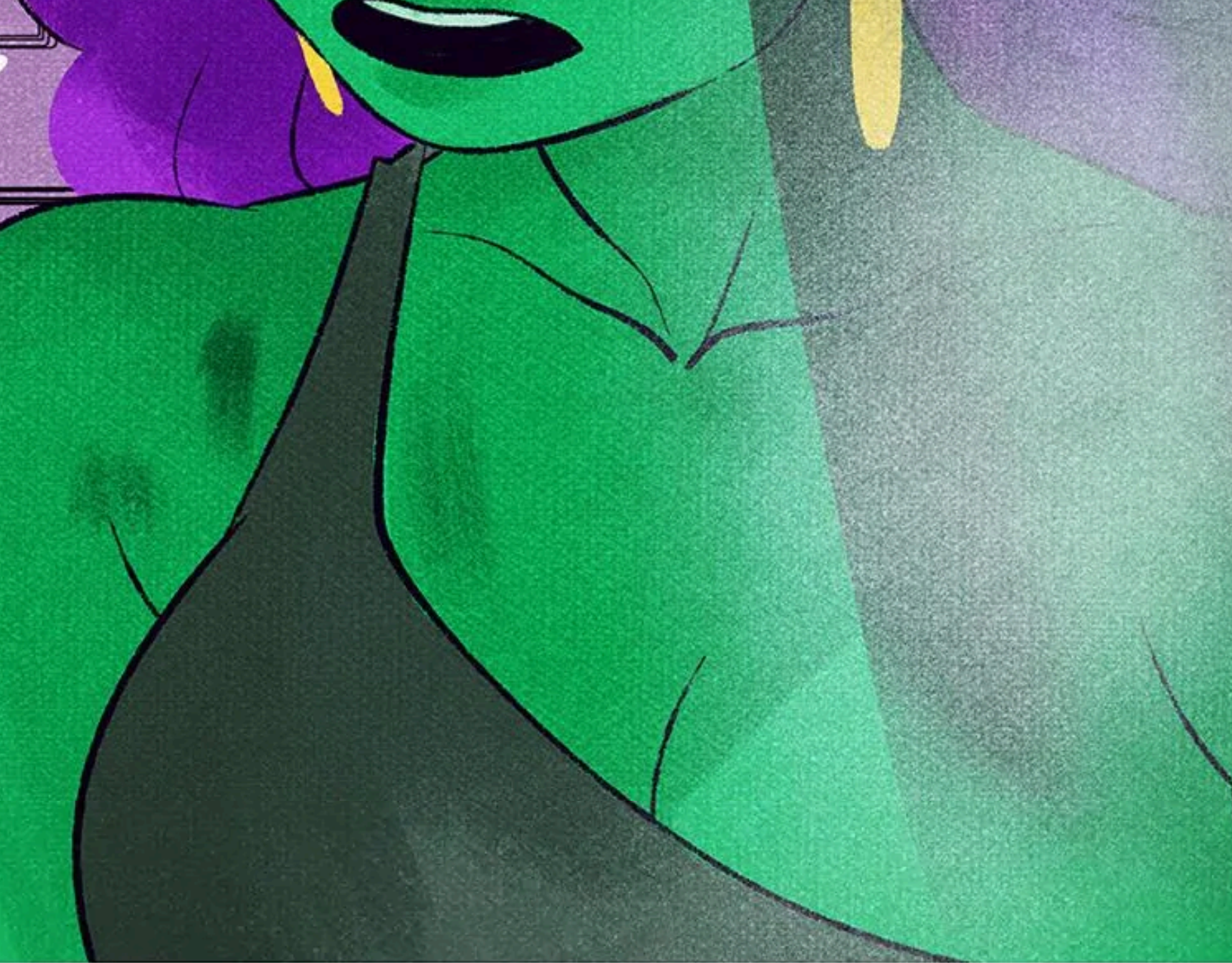


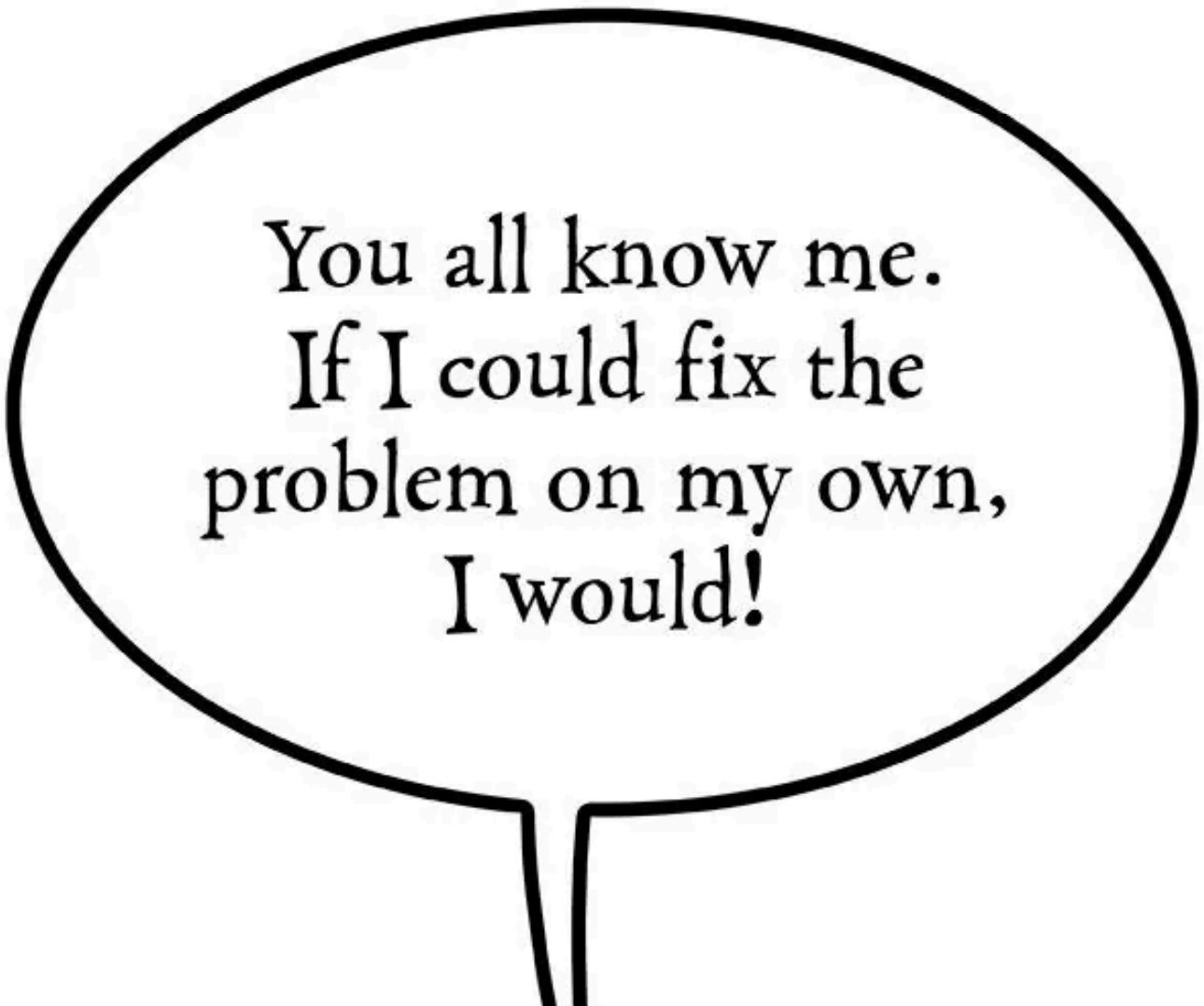




The earth is dying. An
affliction corrupts the
Mortal Realm!

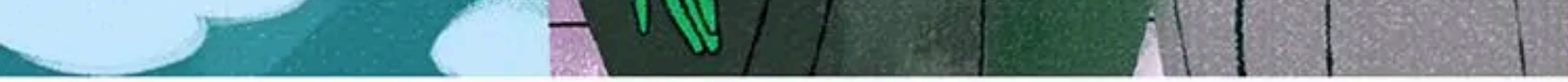







You all know me.
If I could fix the
problem on my own,
I would!





I'm doing my best to
keep it at bay,

but I cannot sustain
the amount of growth
required to stop the
spread of decay.





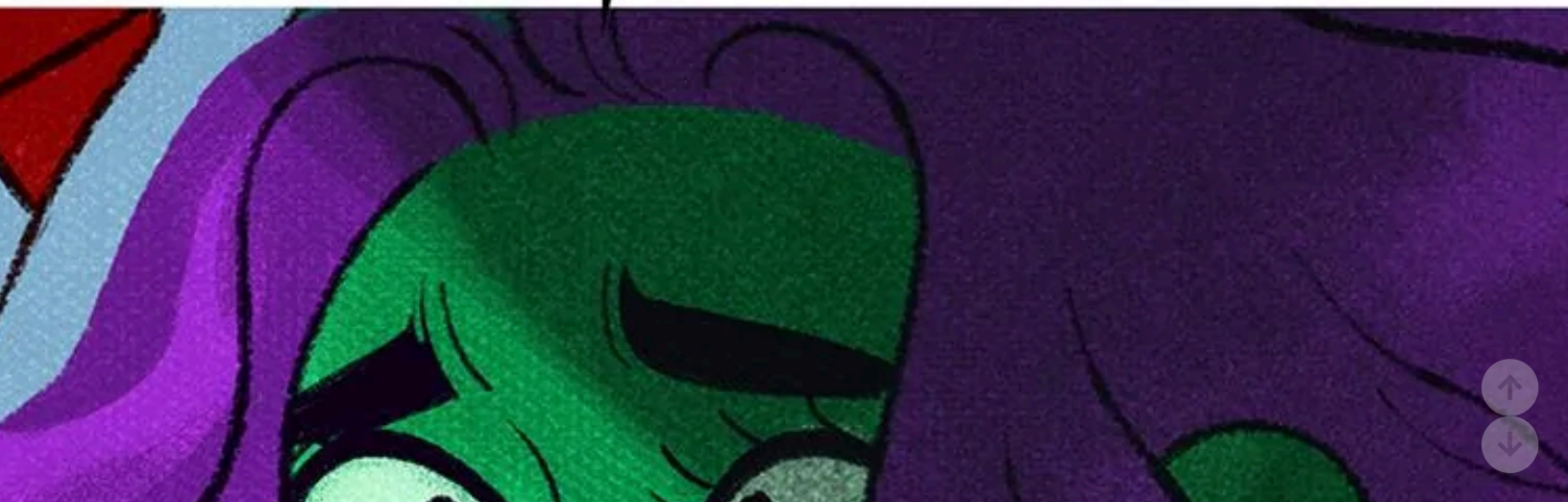
You should
sit down.

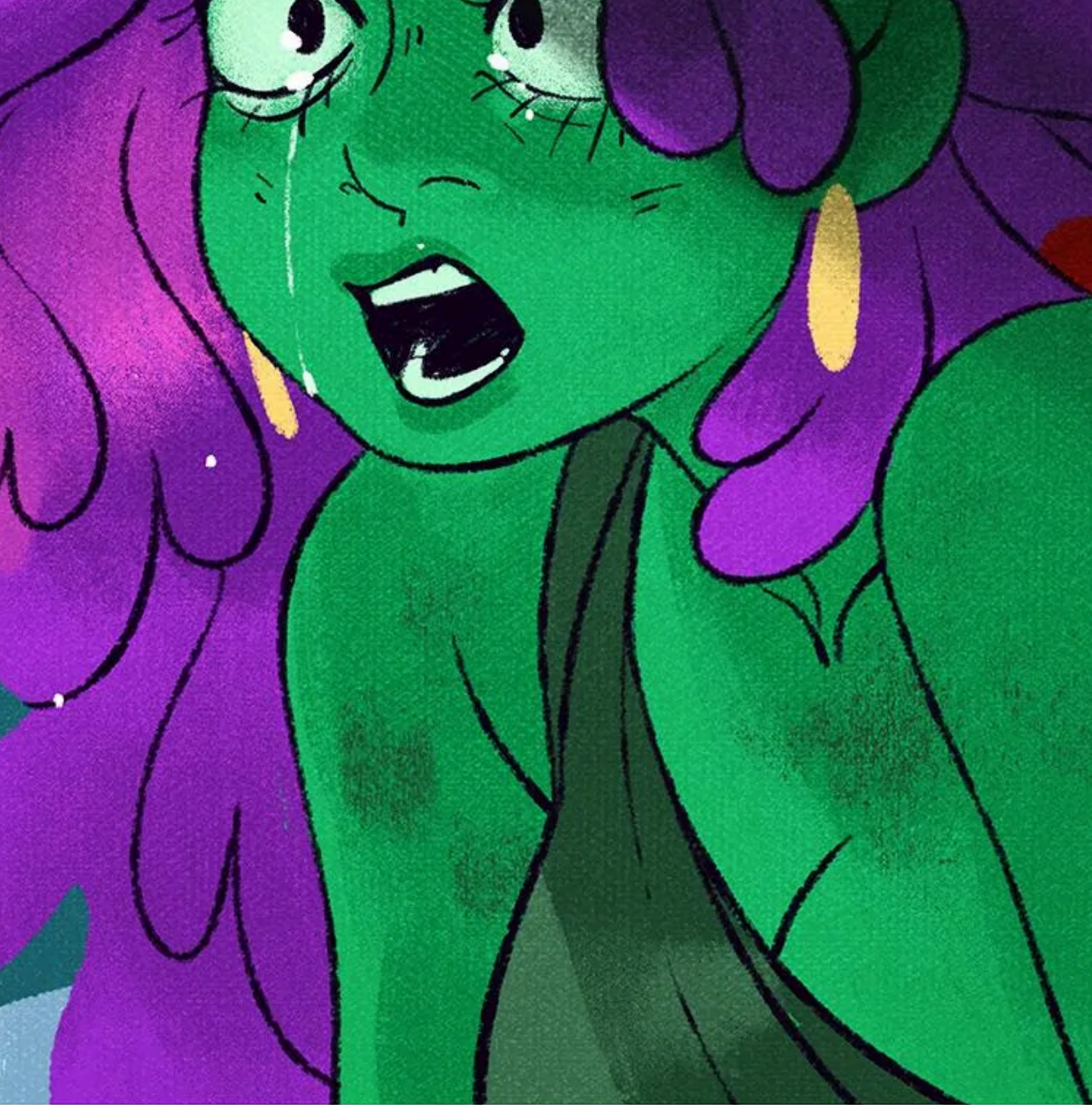




I know that some of you
may view me as a bitter
mother-in-law trying to
create problems built
on spite.

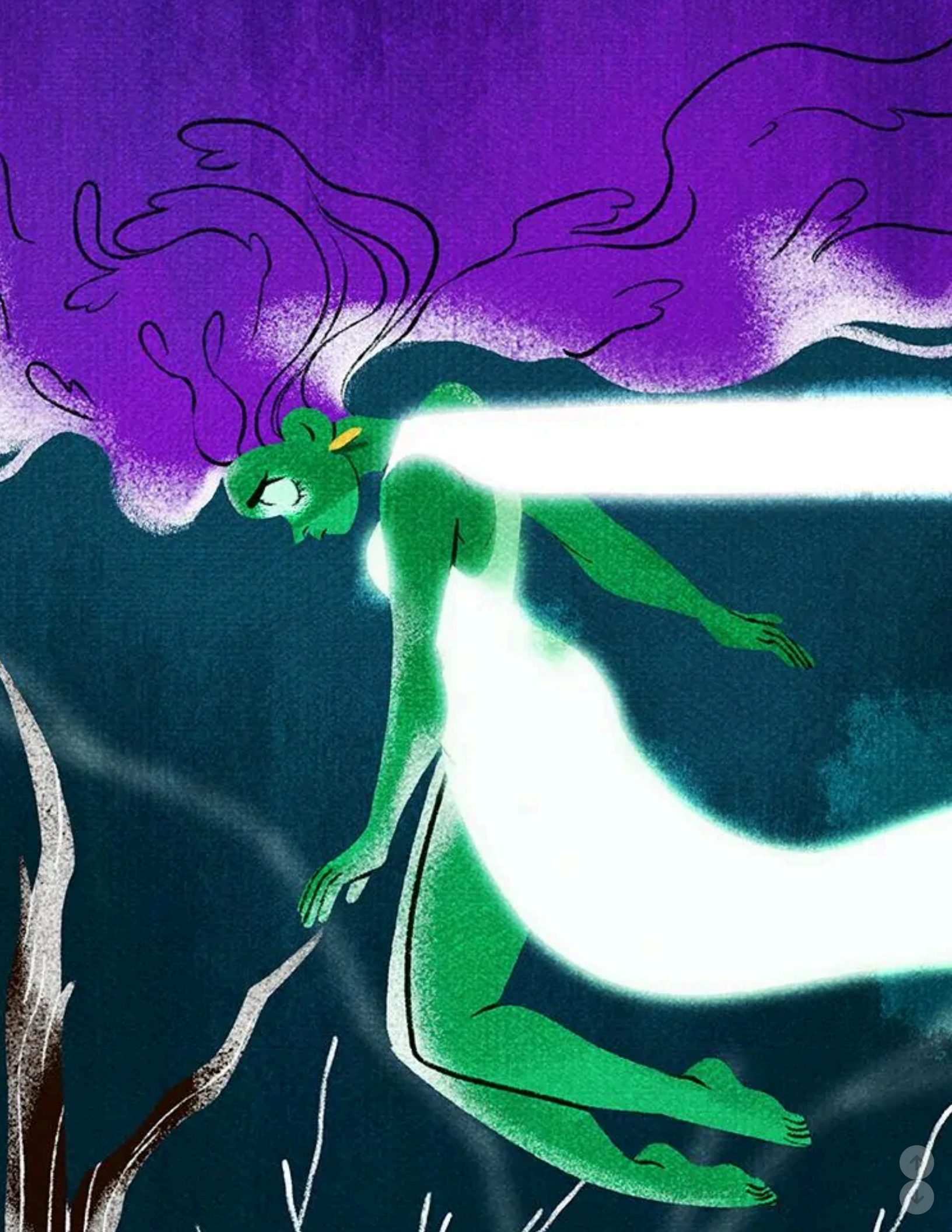
Things are very,
very bad!





The mortals are dying
at a rapid rate, which I
believe will only increase
over time.







And it's not simply a
matter of making more



matter of making more
of them. There is no
point if the earth is
uninhabitable.



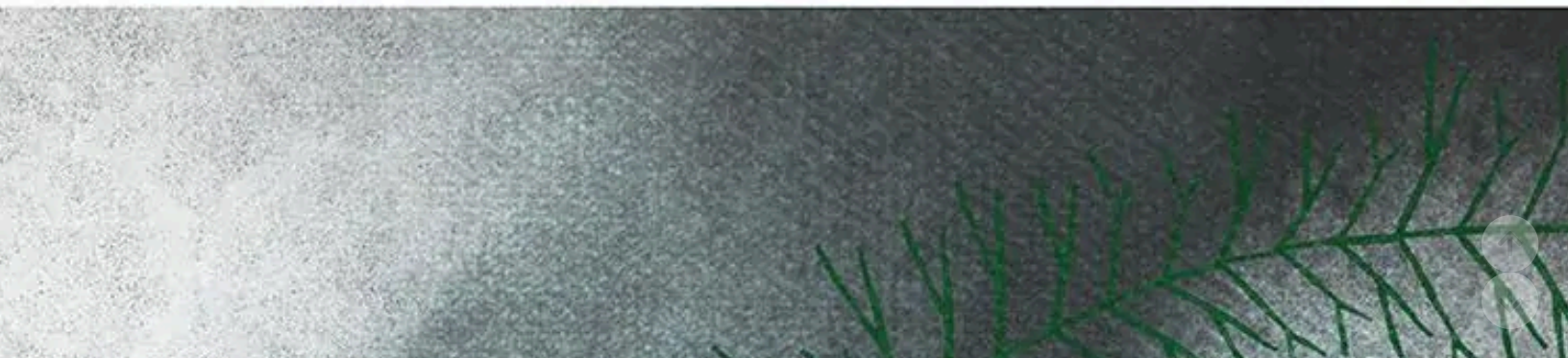


We can't let the mortals
die out! I know we've lived
without them before, but
I certainly don't want to
spend the rest of eternity
that way.





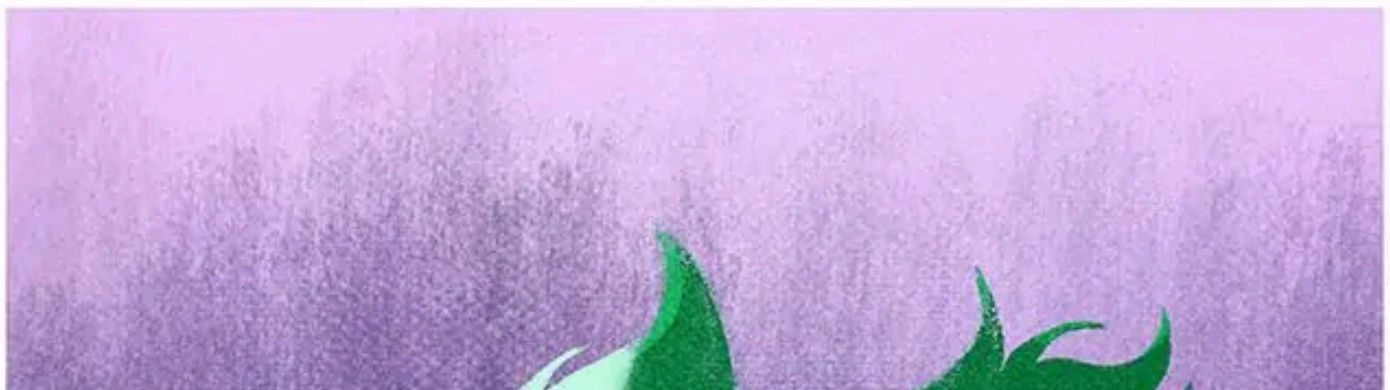
We're not like the Titans or the primordial gods. The mortals and their beliefs are what keep us strong. They give us purpose.



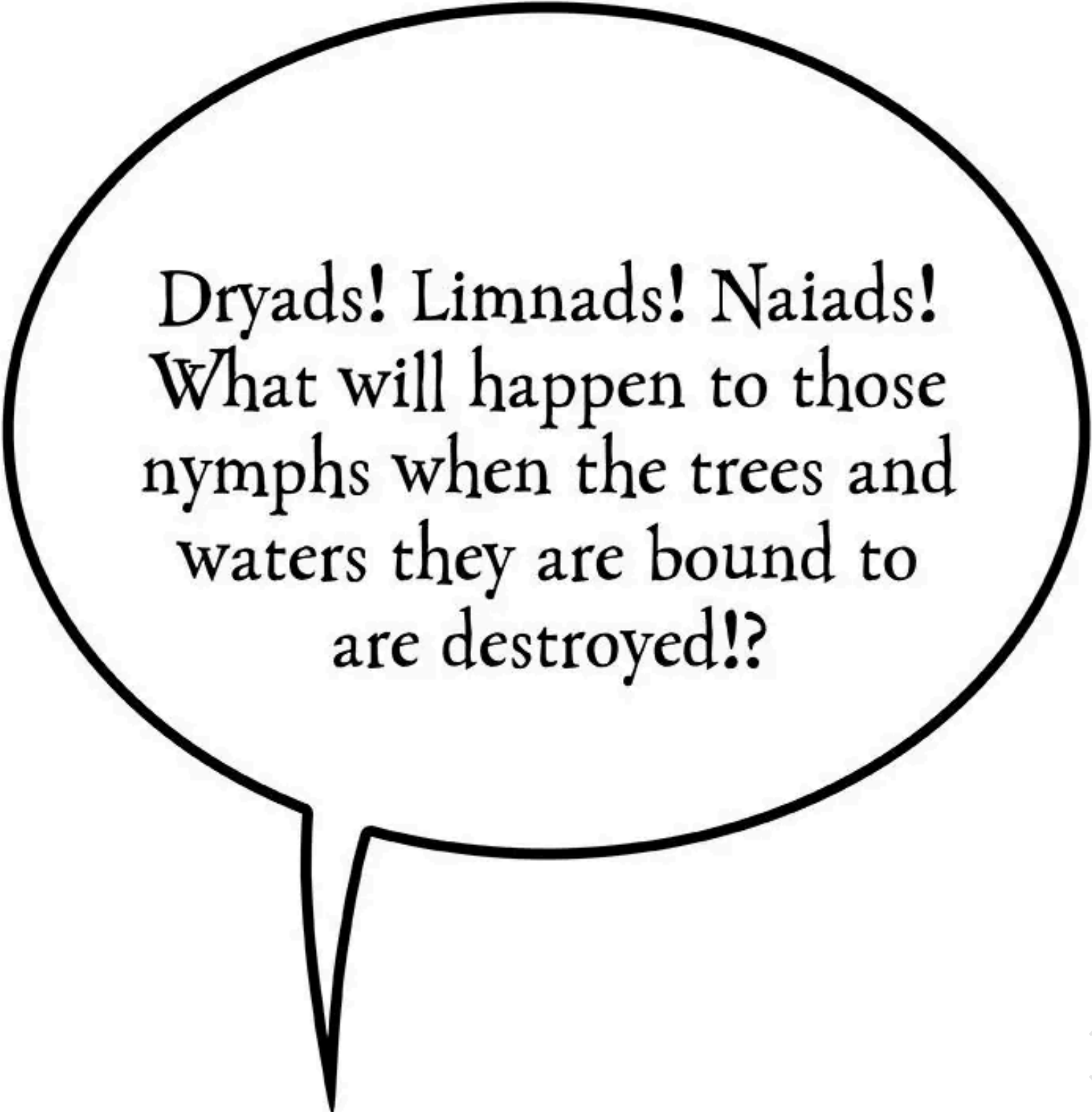




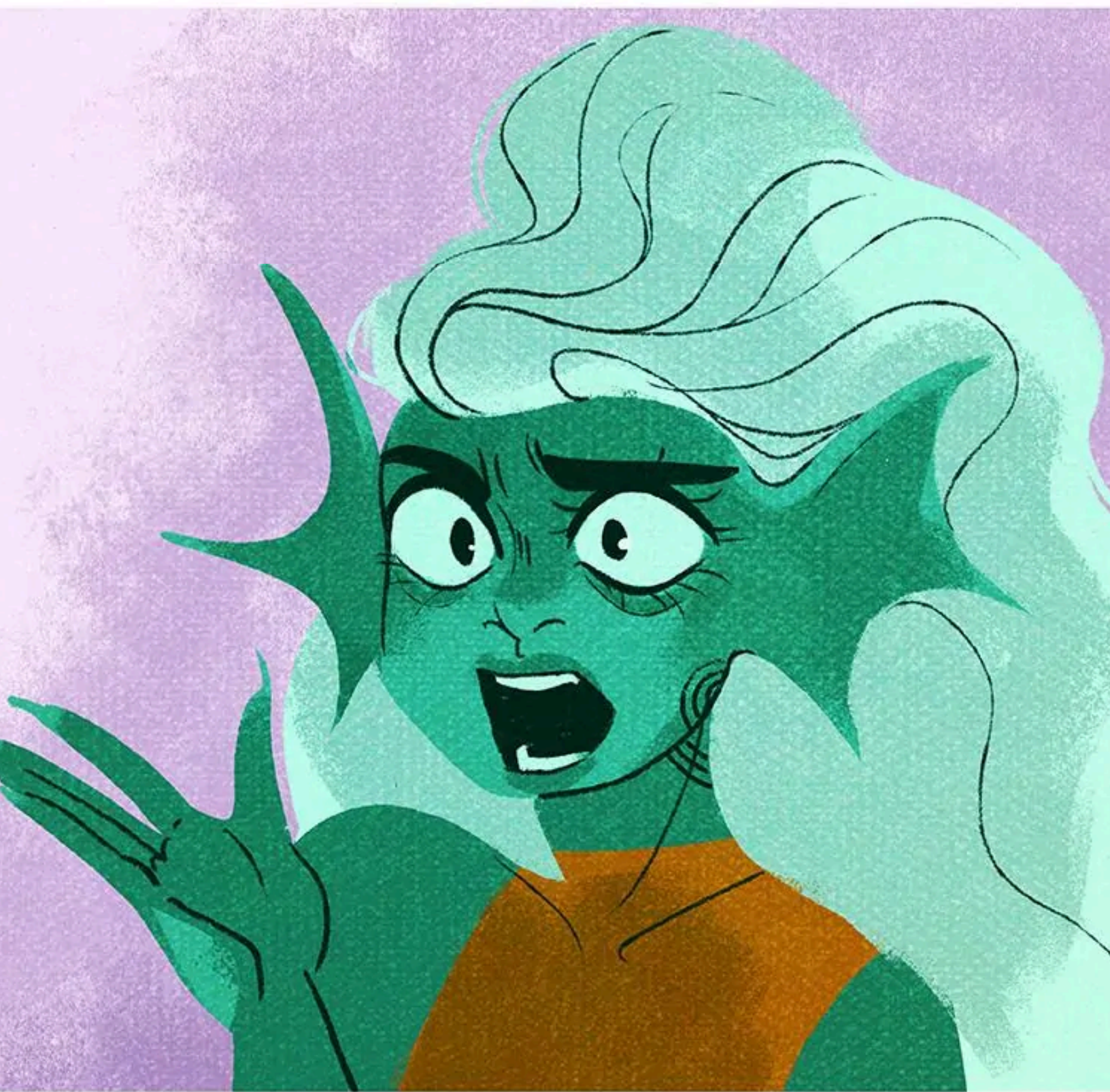
This could spread to the seas, and what's to stop it from spreading to the other realms!?

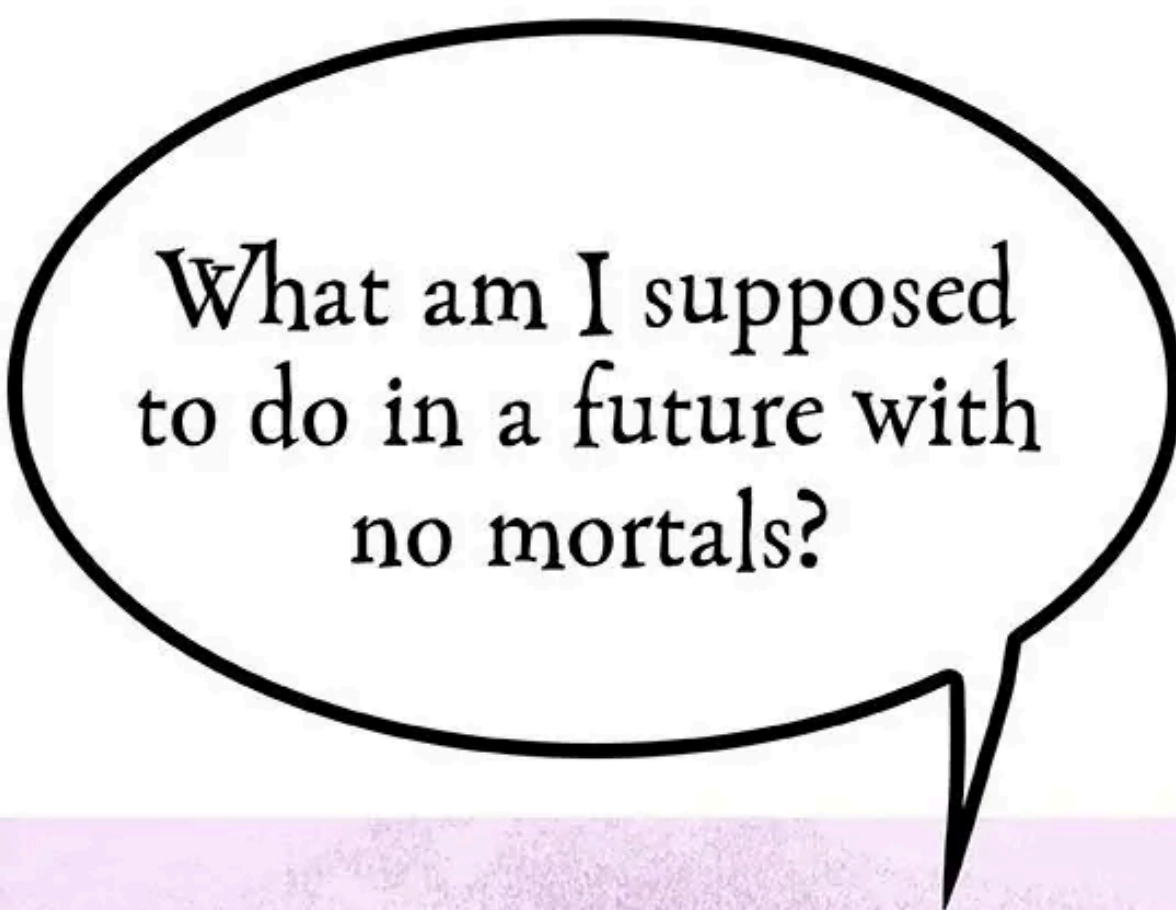






Dryads! Limnads! Naiads!
What will happen to those
nymphs when the trees and
waters they are bound to
are destroyed!?



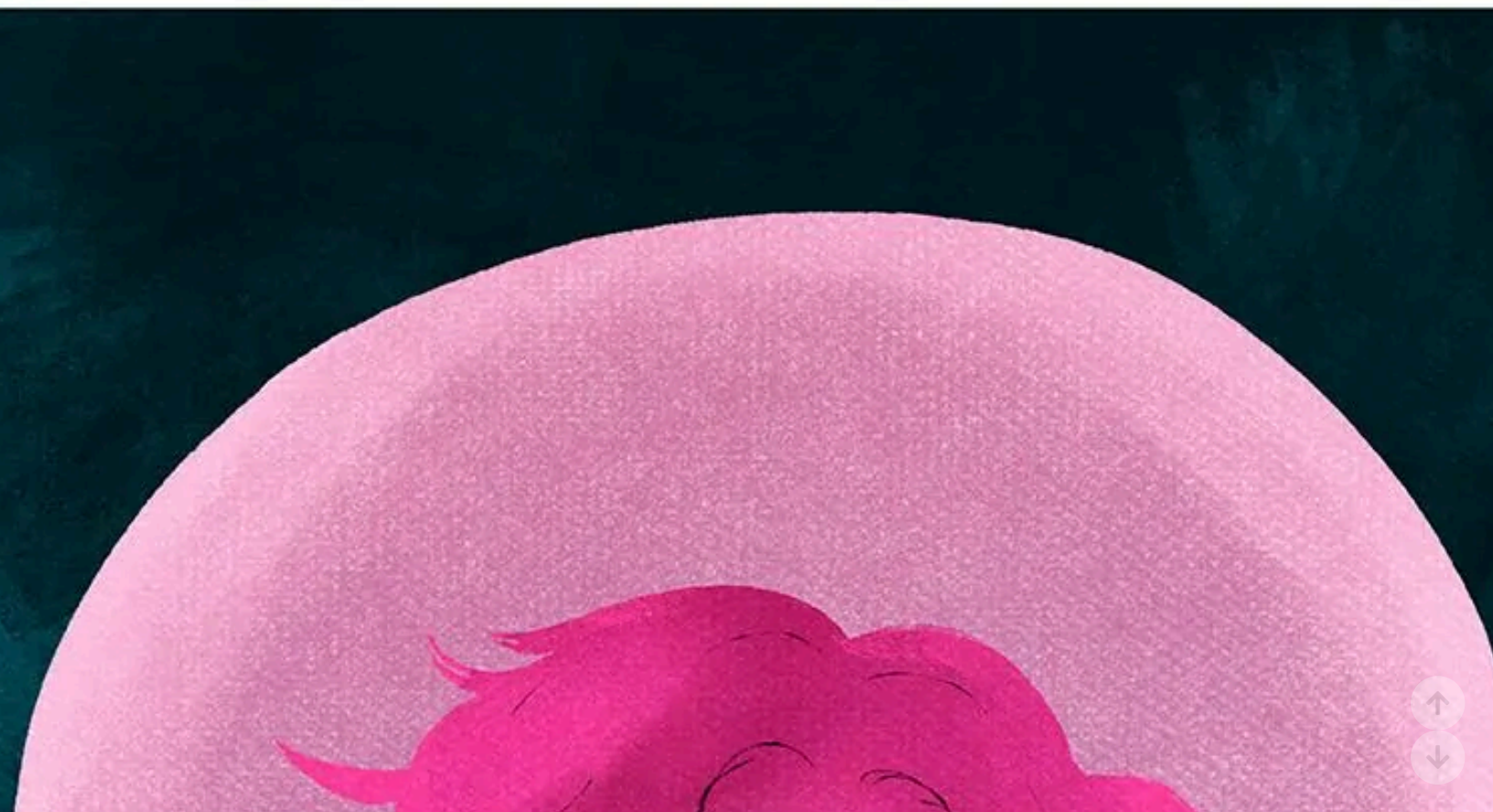
A large, hand-drawn style speech bubble with a black outline. It has a long tail pointing downwards and to the right, ending near the bottom of the page. The text inside is in a black, serif font.

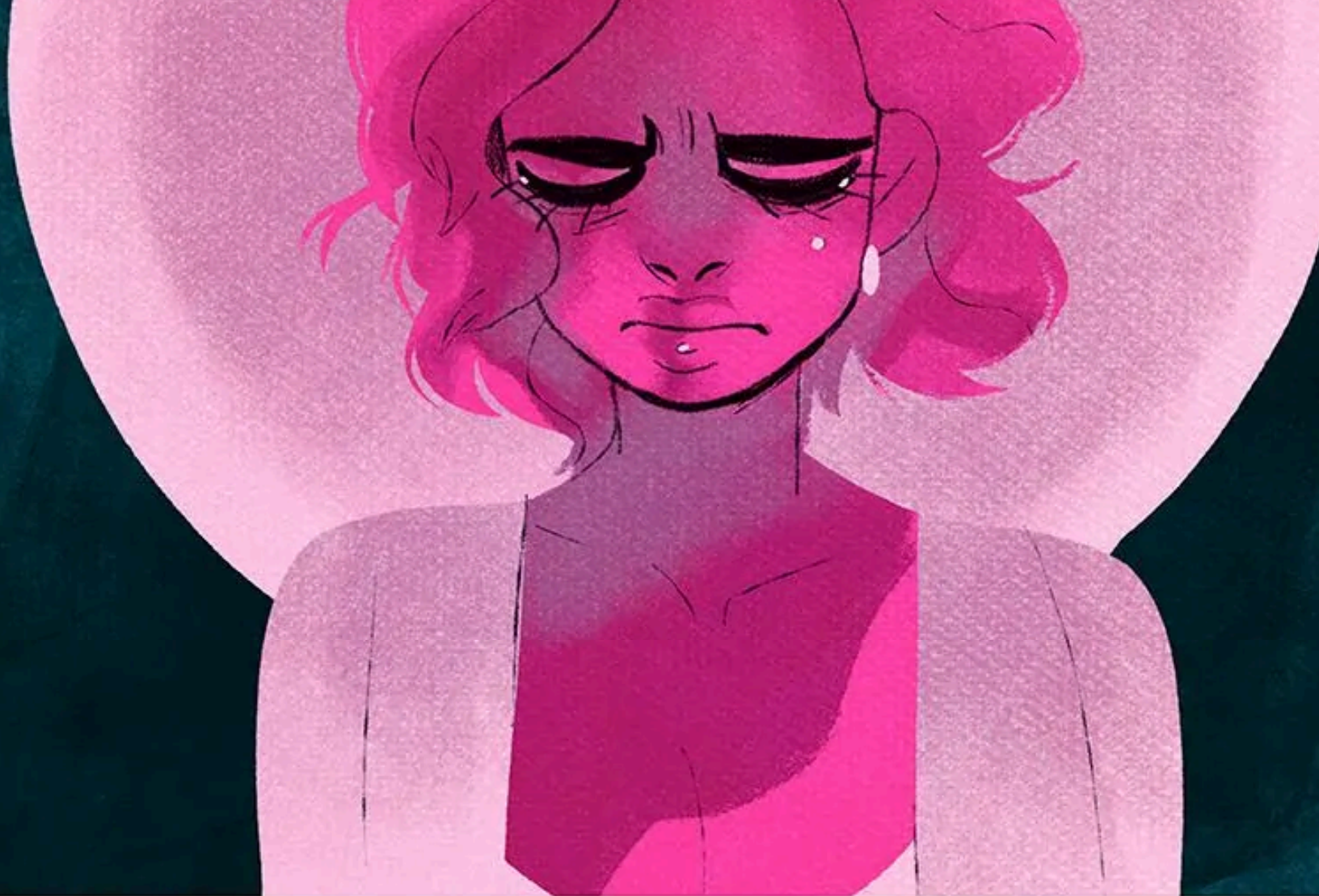
What am I supposed
to do in a future with
no mortals?

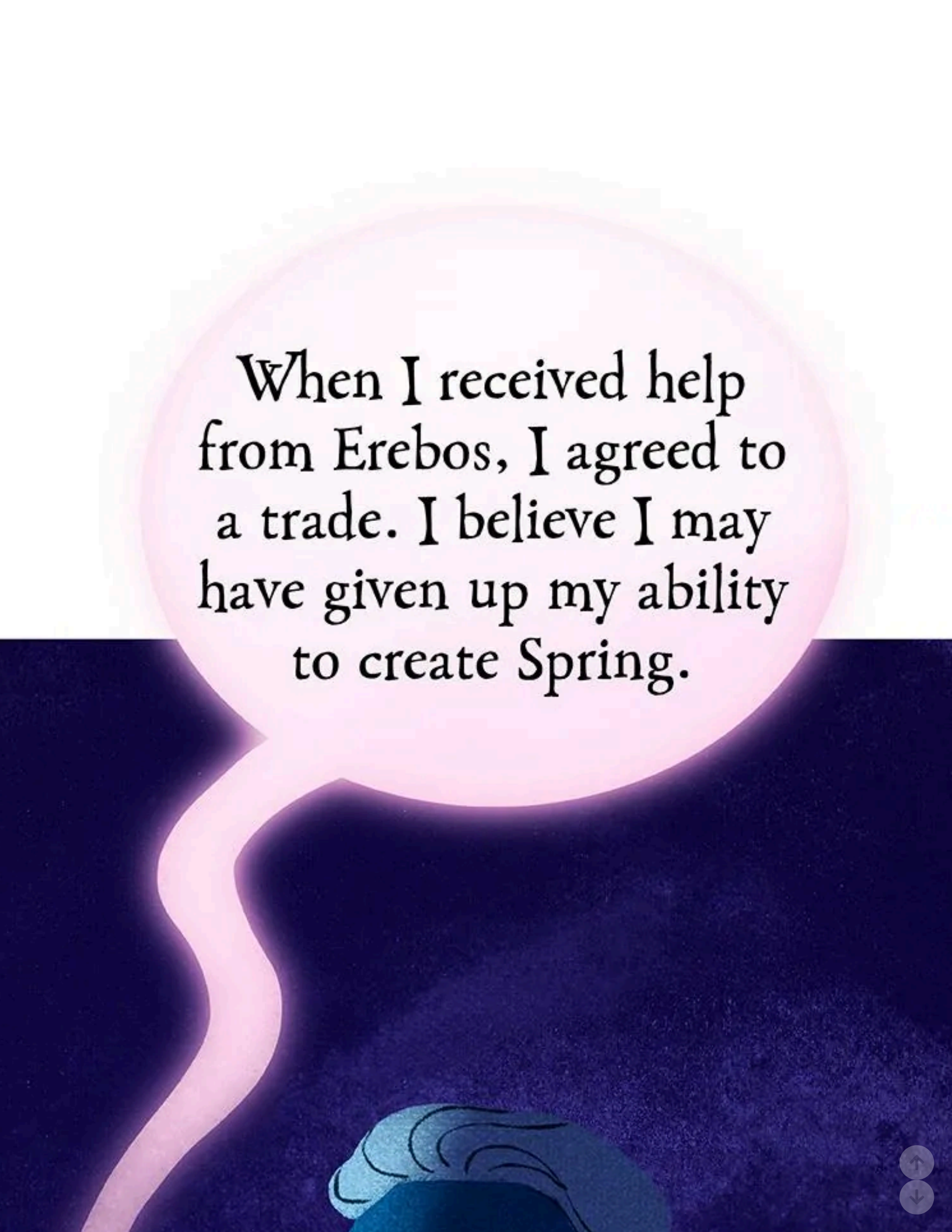




This is a disaster!
What caused it?

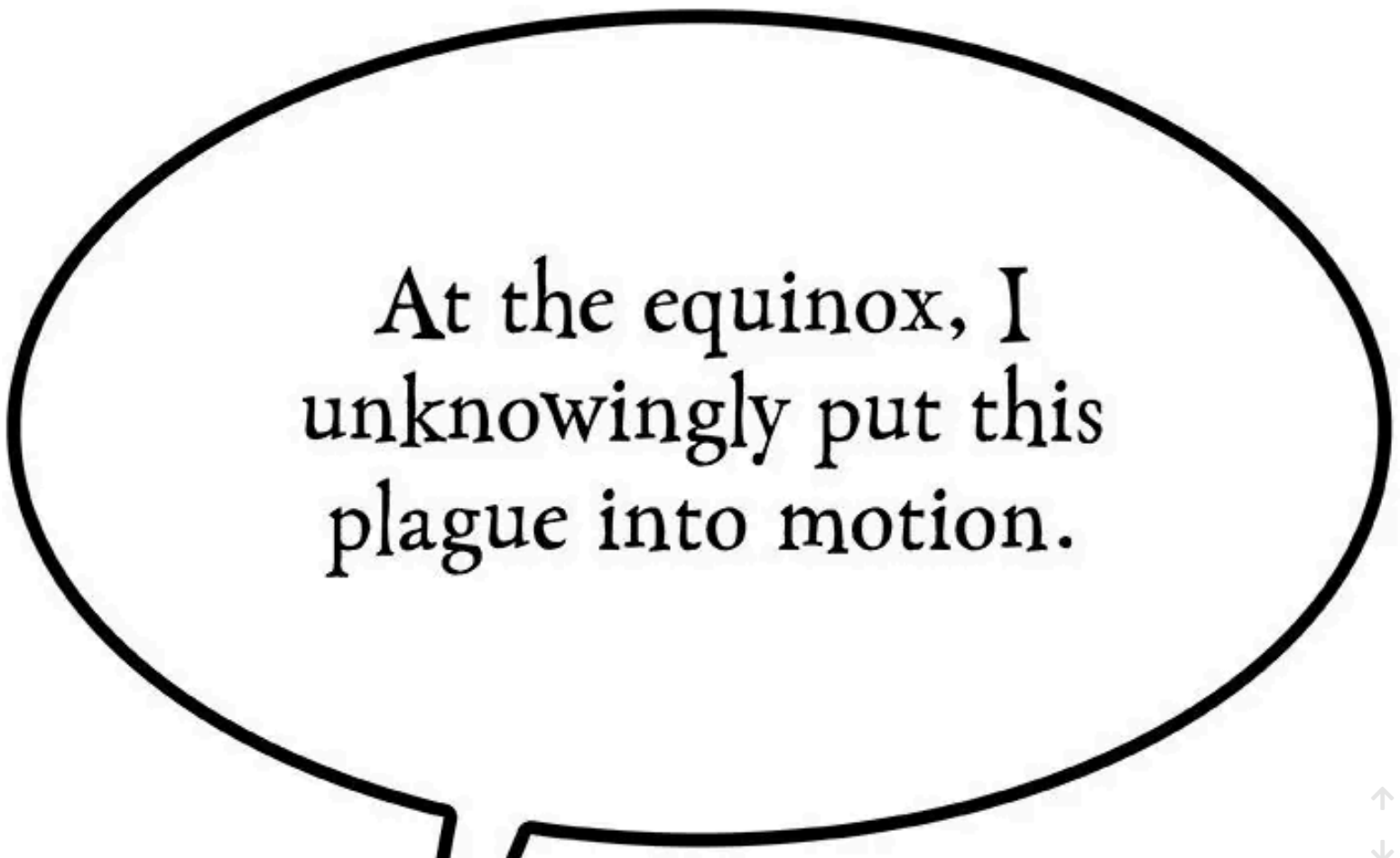




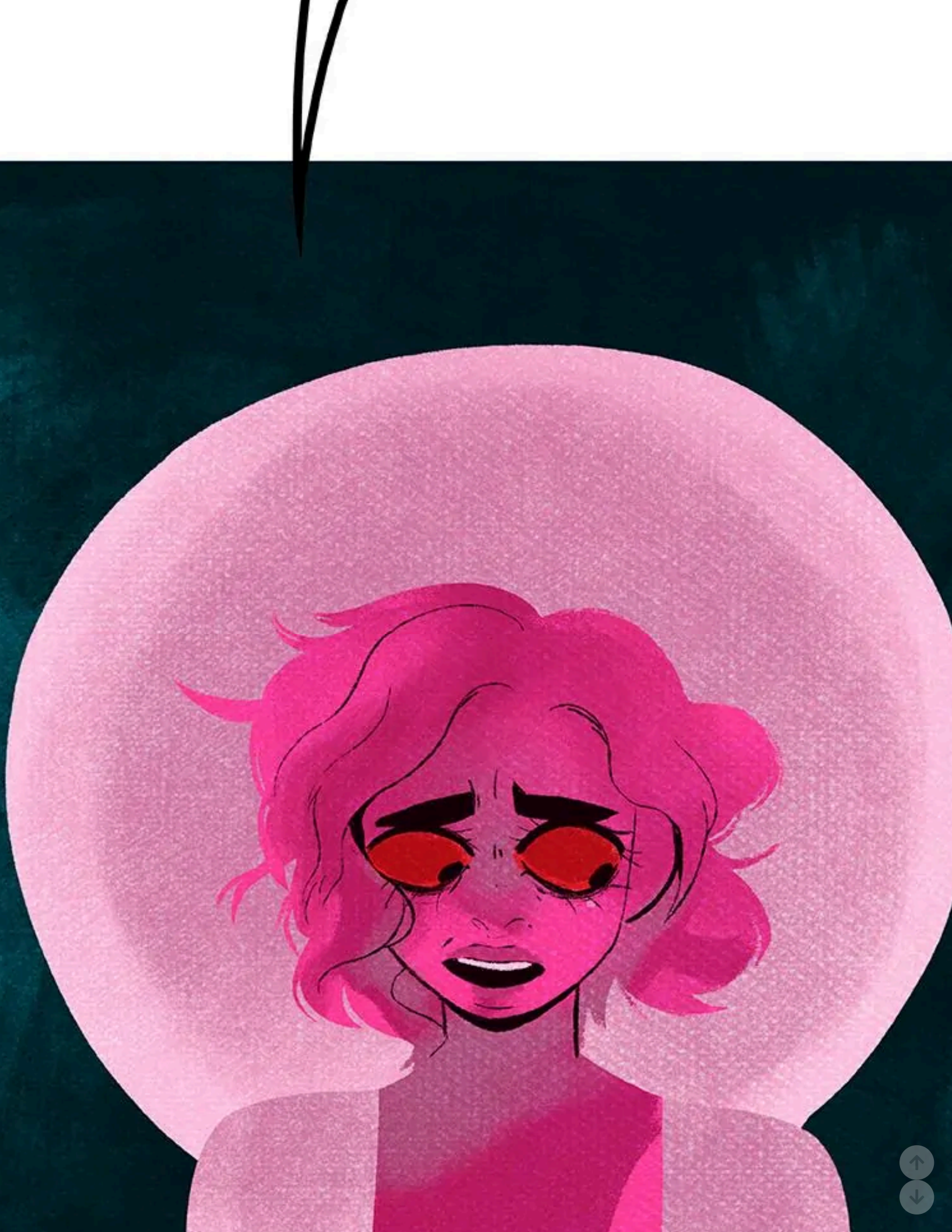



When I received help
from Erebos, I agreed to
a trade. I believe I may
have given up my ability
to create Spring.



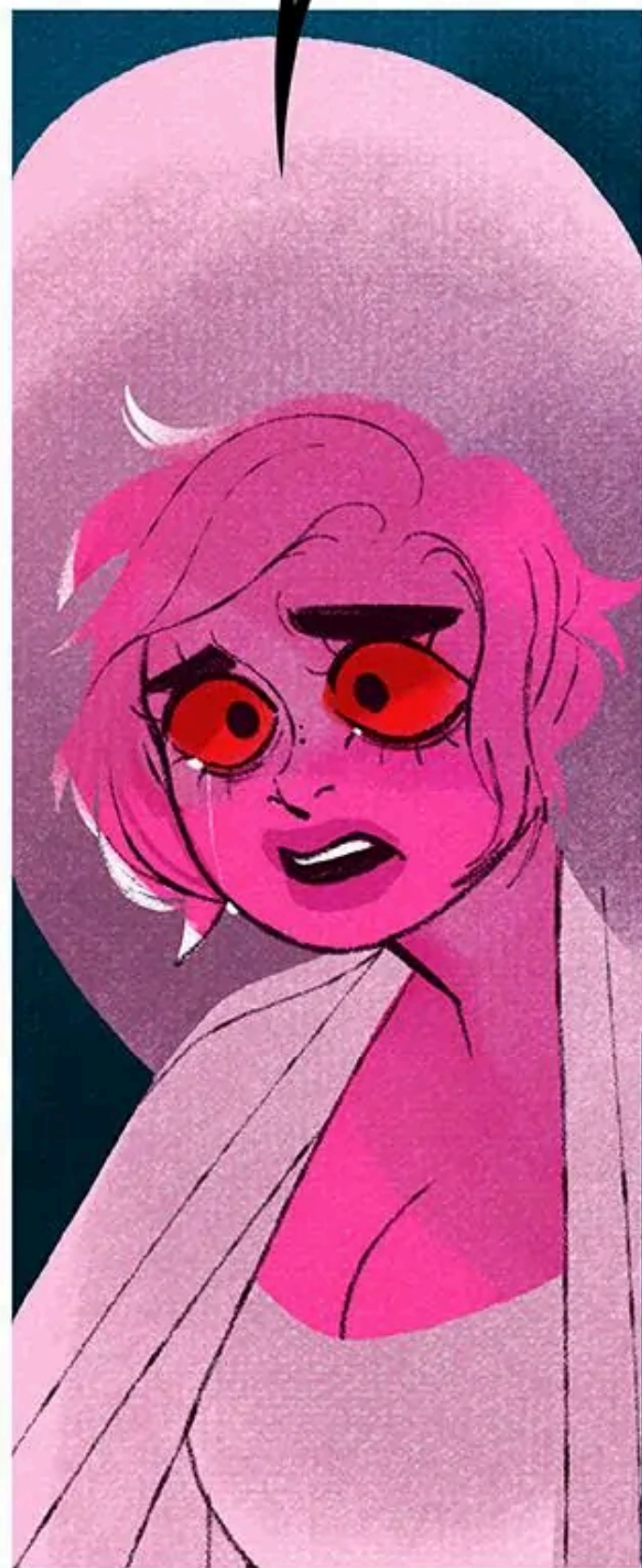


At the equinox, I
unknowingly put this
plague into motion.





But I'm working
on getting my
powers back—



YET AGAIN

LET AGAIN,
Persephone is the
root of the
problem.

SCOFF

Even if she gets her
powers back, there is no
guarantee that will fix

guarantee that will fix
the Mortal Realm.





And how do we know
this isn't some plot for
Hades to grow his
kingdom?

kingdom!





We're not together
on this. Stop
touching me.

That's a ridiculous
accusation!


Even if I were conniving
enough to devise such a plan,
it would be foolish. The
Underworld simply doesn't
have the capacity.

We'd be up to our
eyeballs in shades!









Don't you still have that
issue with Kronos as well?
Is this how you run your
house, Hades?

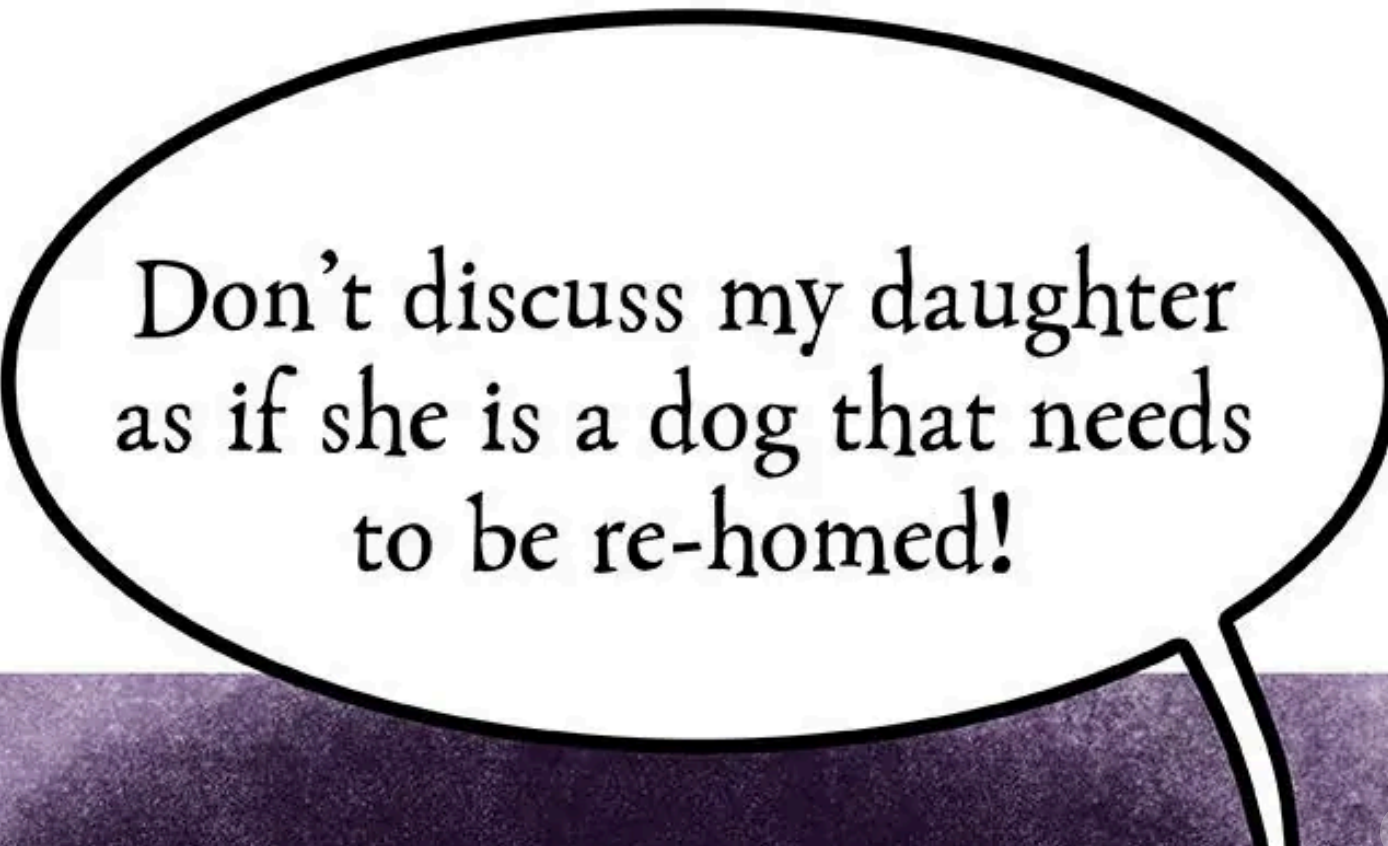




Perhaps you are not capable
of keeping such a goddess in
line. She clearly needs—

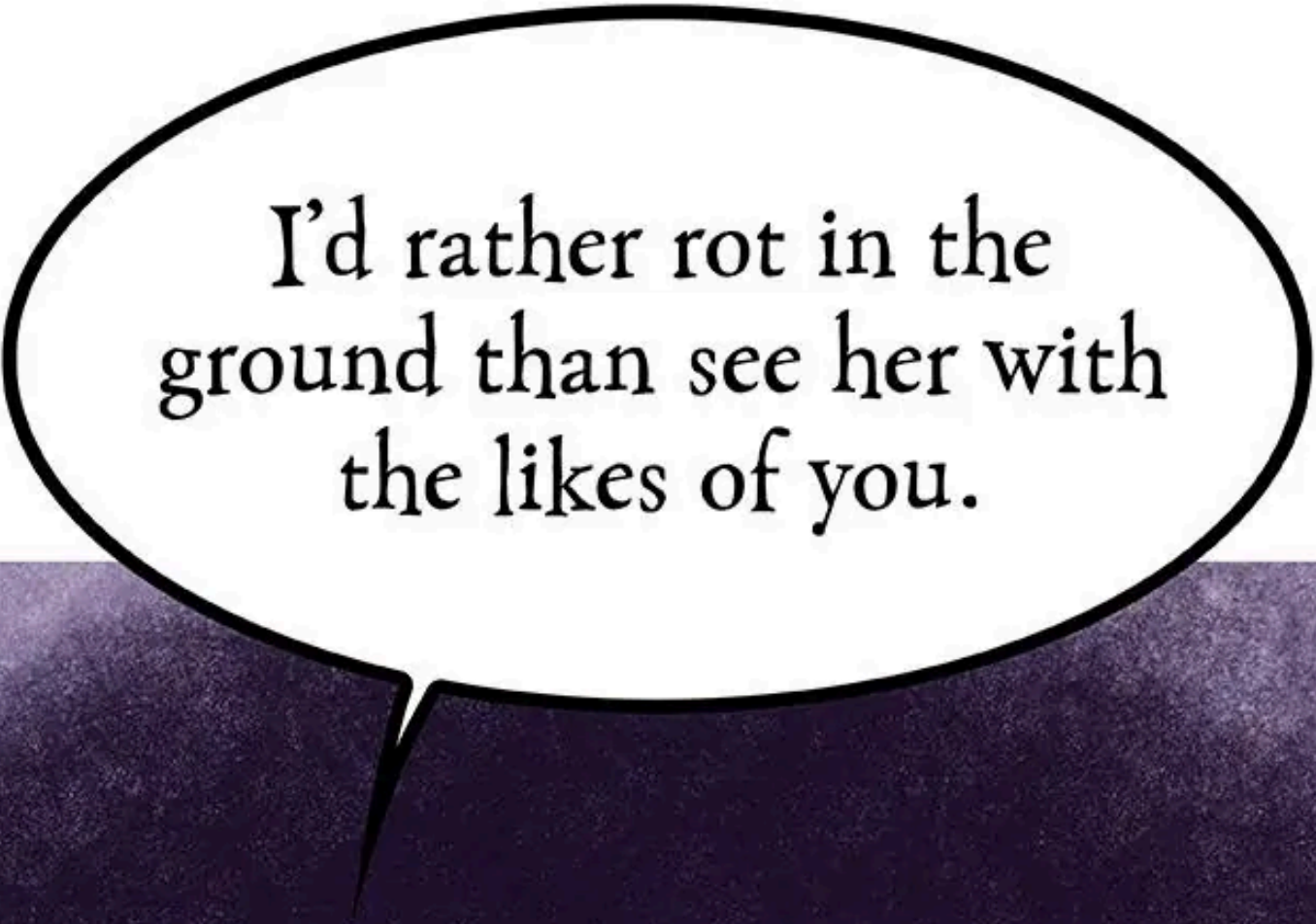






Don't discuss my daughter
as if she is a dog that needs
to be re-homed!






I'd rather rot in the
ground than see her with
the likes of you.



At the very least,
Aidoneus fought
in the war.







You're spoiled and have
never known hardship.



Let's not get off track.
We need to work out who's
going to be in charge while
Zeus is sick as well as
resolve the plague.







WE NEED TO
REMOVE HERBE
AS A SUSPECT!

SHE WOULD
NEVER HURT
ANYONE!

AND USING
POISON IN FOOD
OR DRINK GOES
AGAINST HER
NATURE!

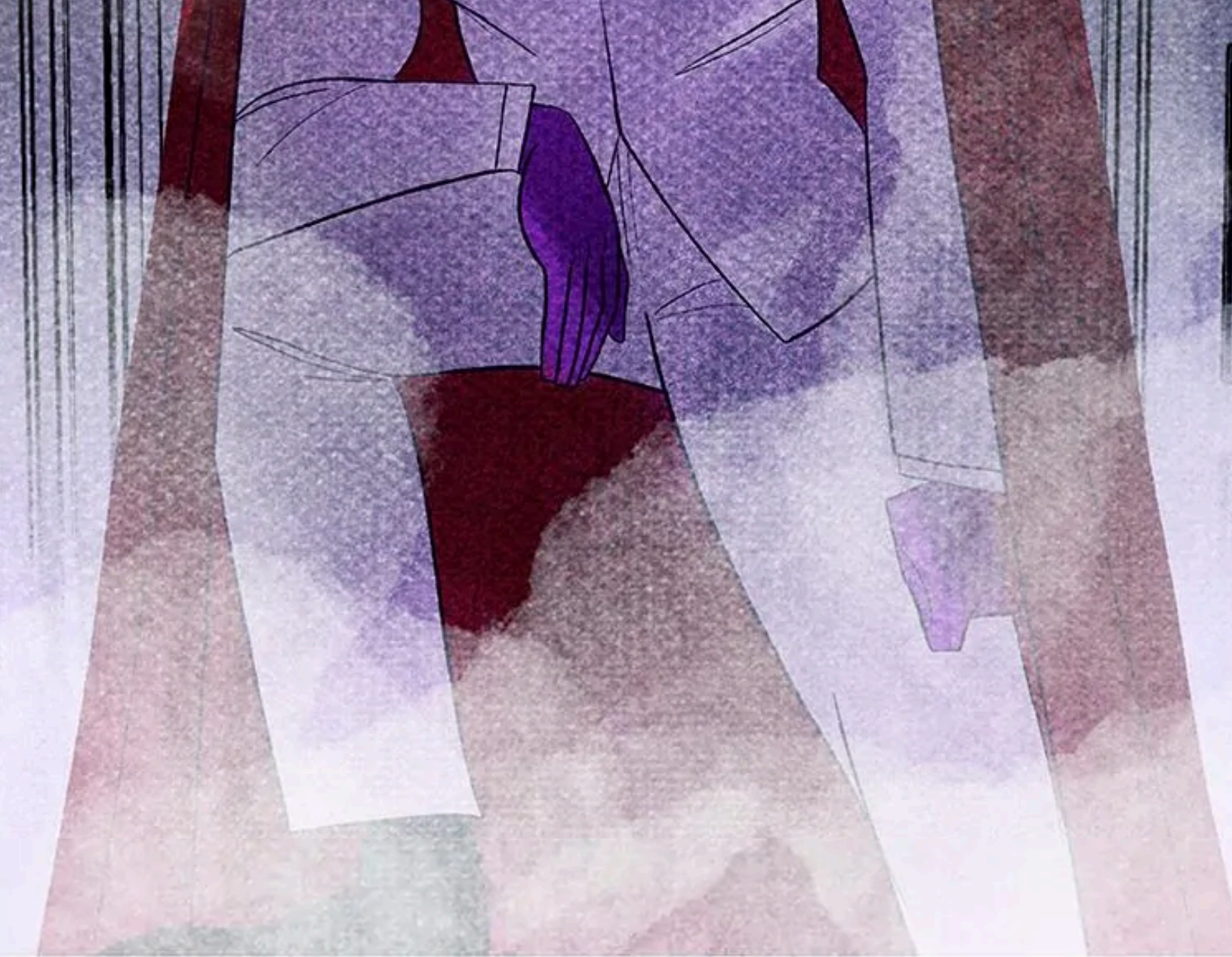




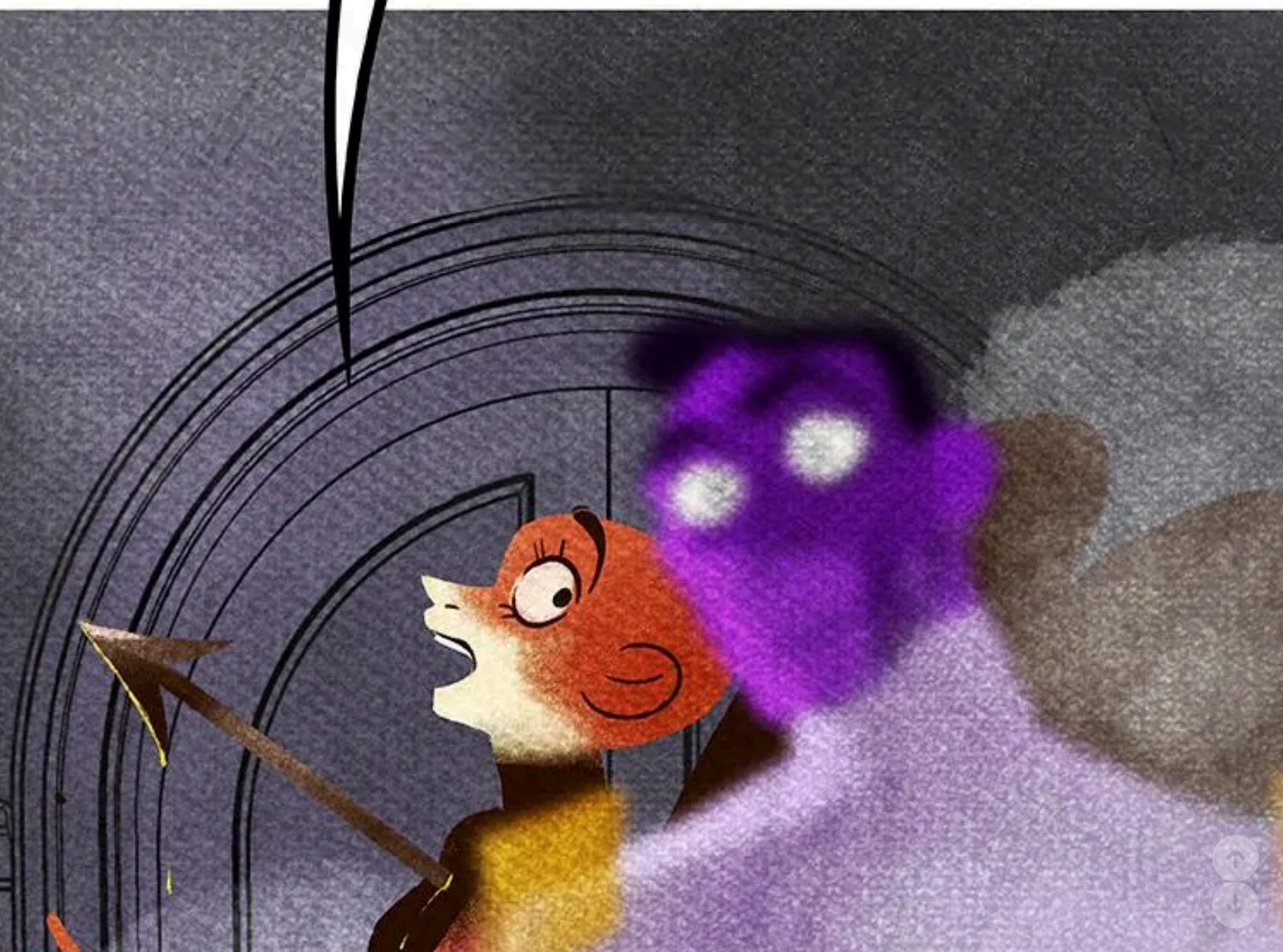


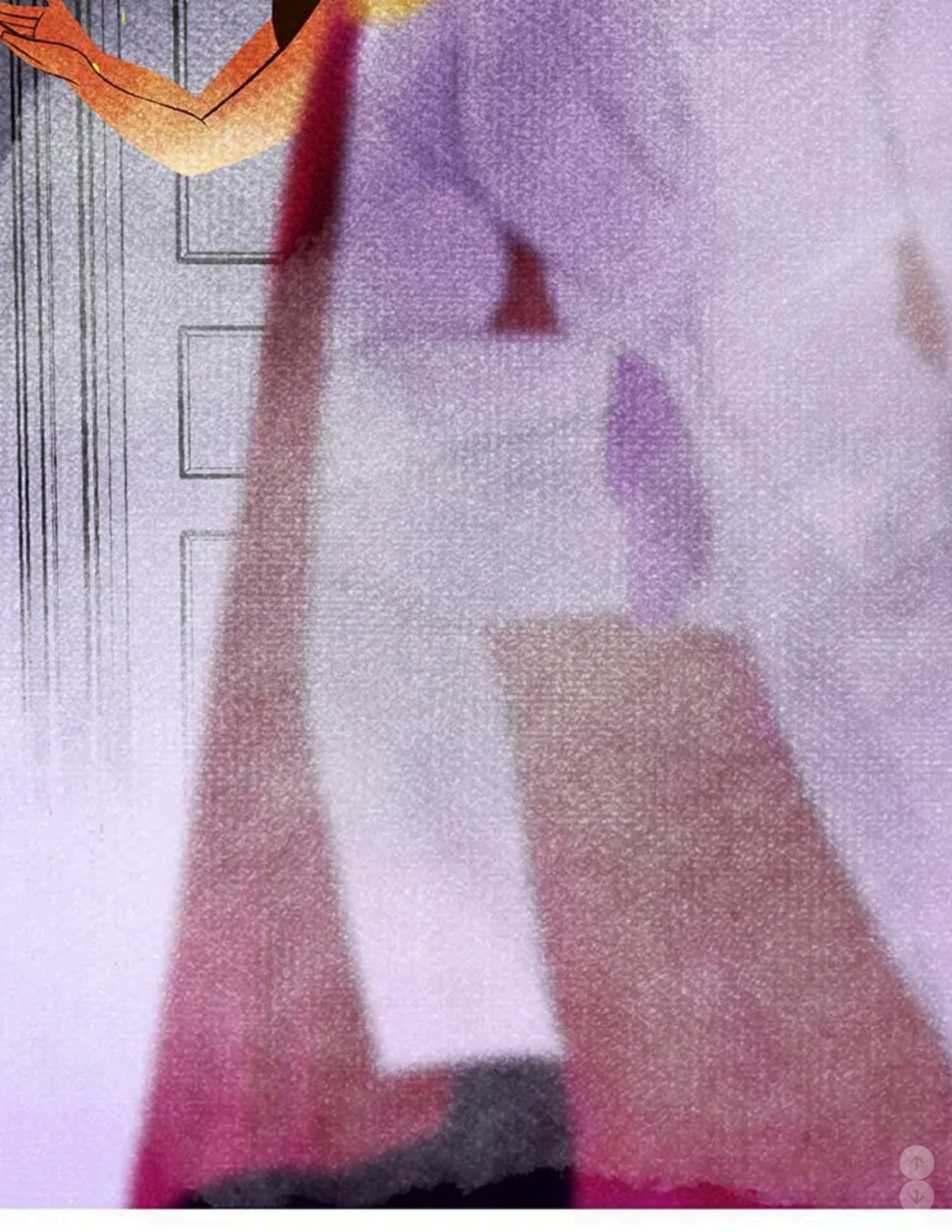
Poison...






That sounds
familiar.







That sounds like
something YOU
would do.




One day, Artemis
will find out what
you did to Zeus



you and to Zeus






on top of
everything
else you've
done.

Is it possible for
her to hate you

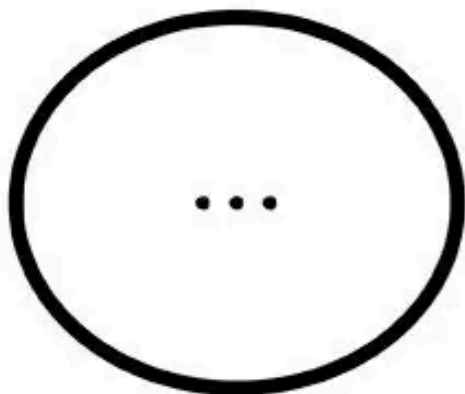
even more?





Stop! Talking!







Something isn't right
with him.









I can't think
with all your
bickering.





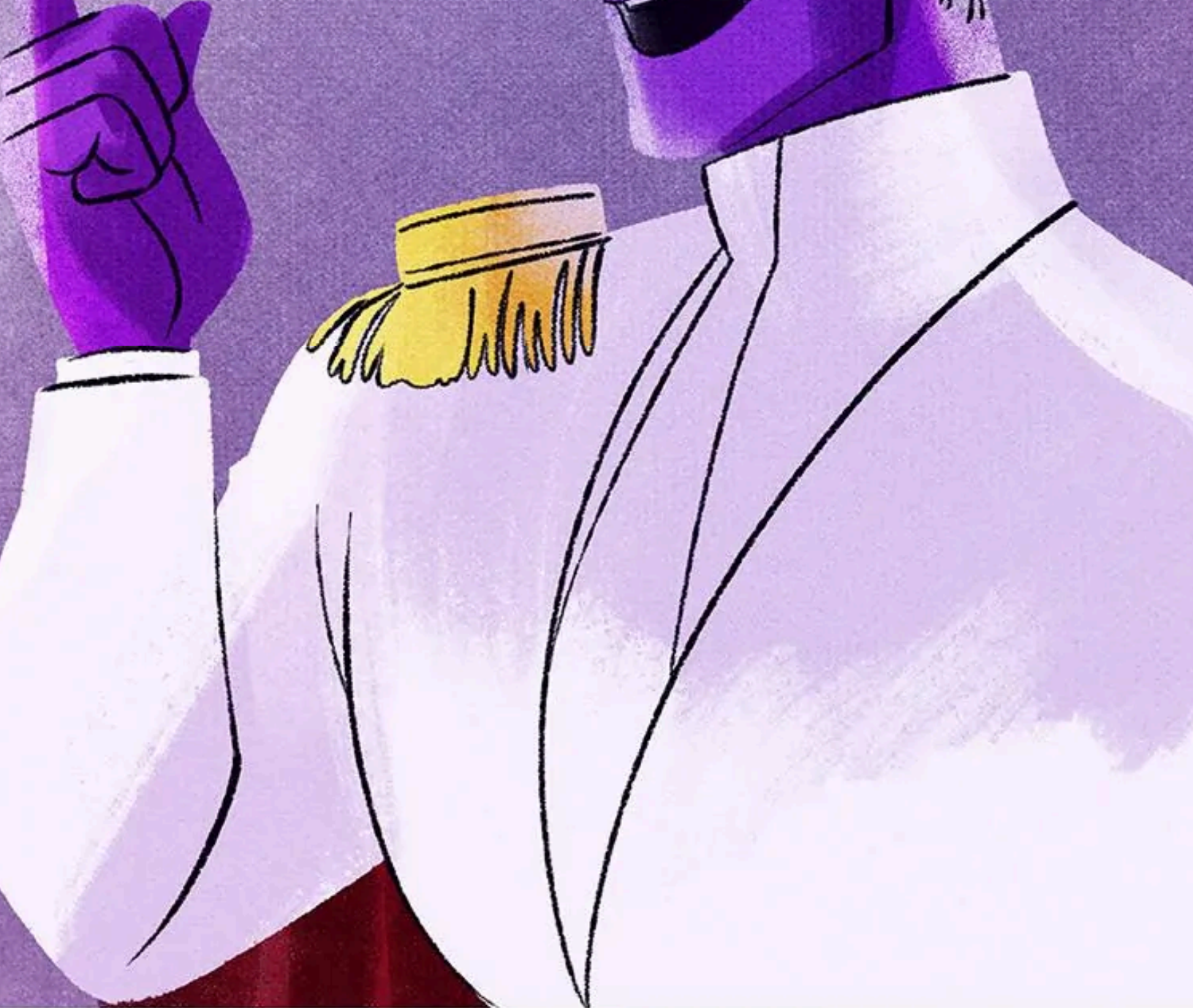
How about this?





Whoever can come up with a solution to Persephone's plague, gets to be the stand-in leader for Zeus.





I have every confidence
that my wife will be able to
restore her powers, so this is
unnecessary.





I suppose it's better than
you electing yourself.



So, we're in
agreement,
then?

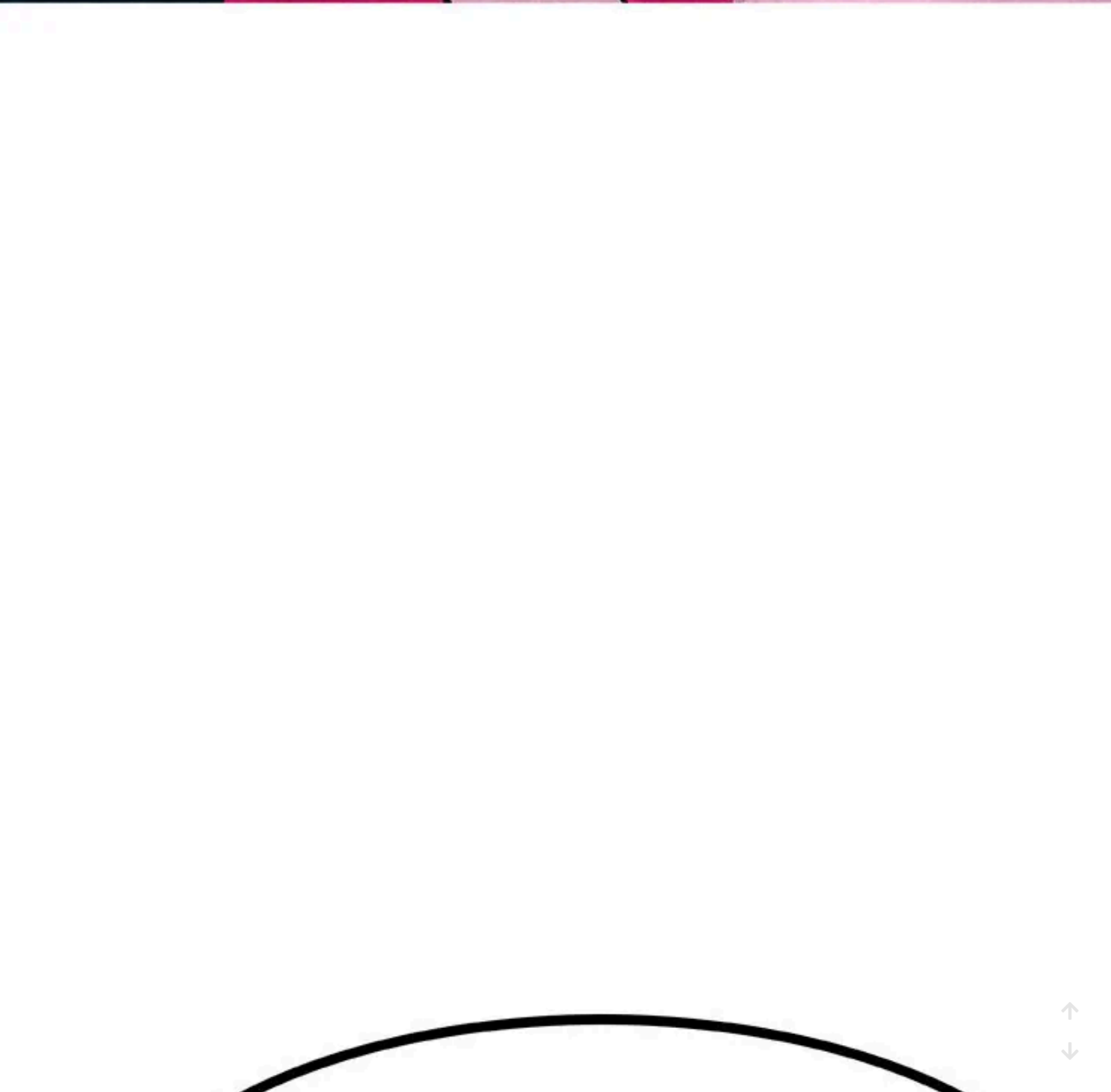




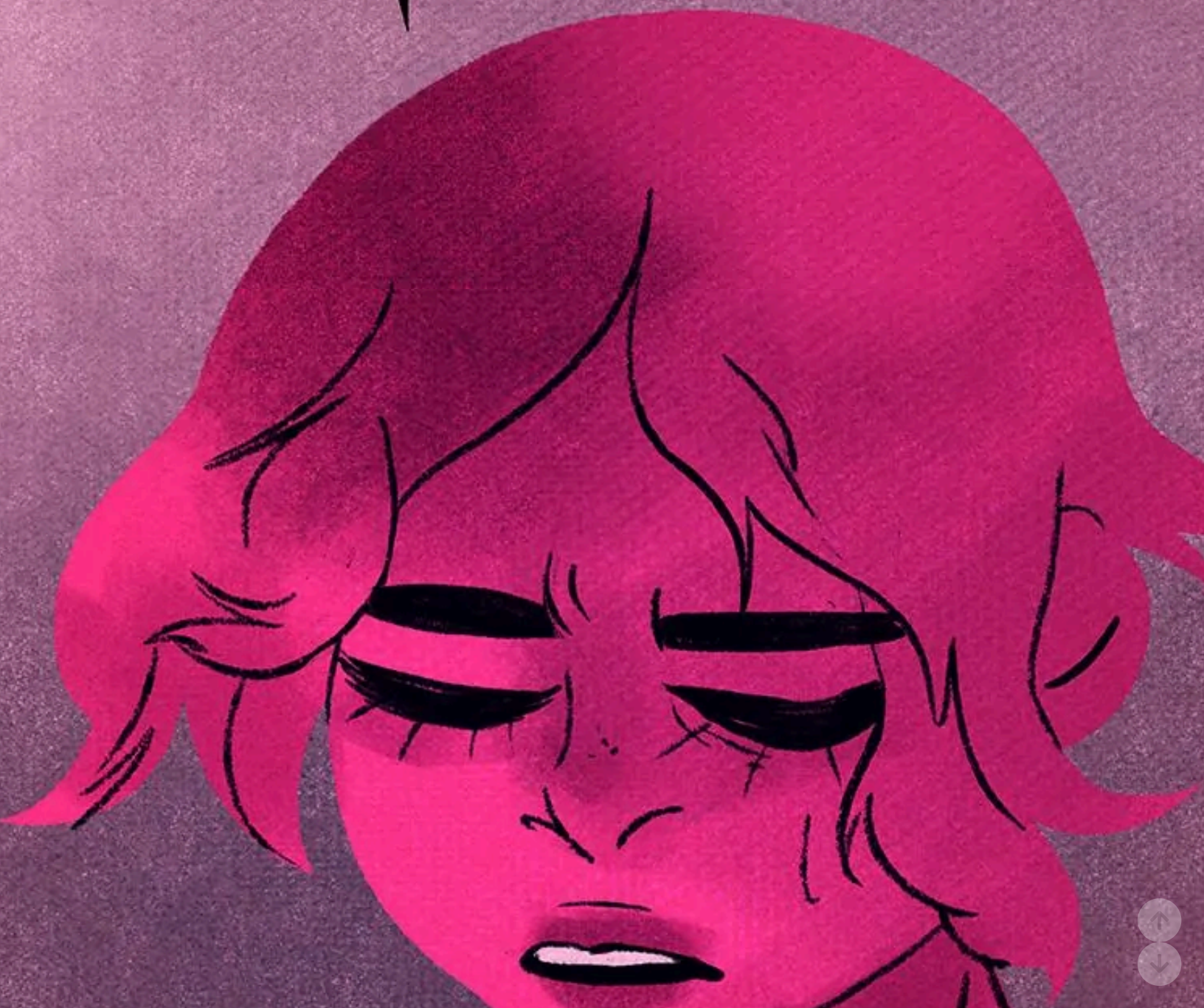


BEEP

An illustration of a person with short, wavy pink hair and a distressed expression, with sweat drops on their forehead. They are wearing a pink shirt and holding a dark bowl. The background features a large, textured pink circle on a dark blue field. The text '*BEEP*' is written in white on the left side of the pink circle. In the bottom right corner, there are two small circular icons: one with an upward arrow and one with a downward arrow.

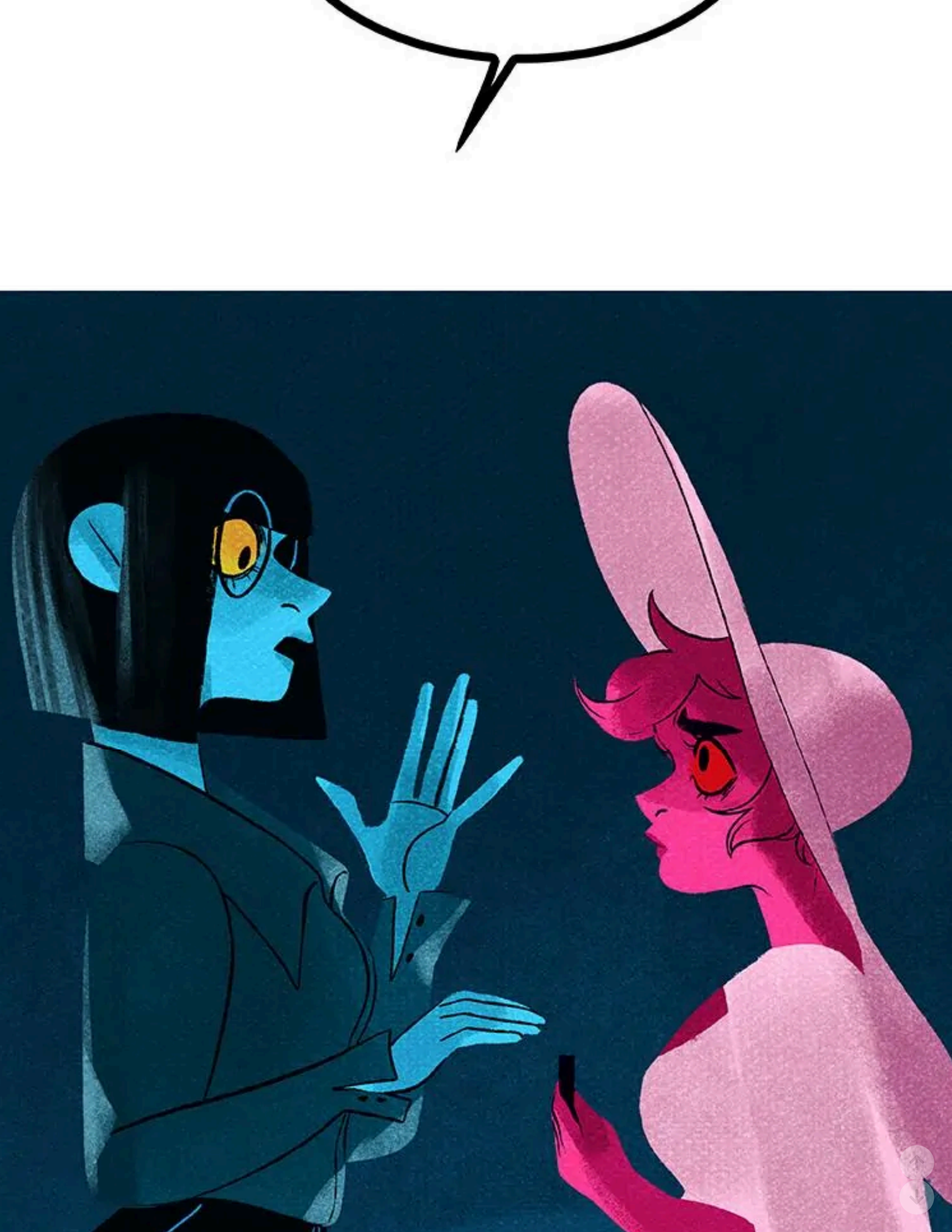



That's more than enough
meeting for me.





That was rough,





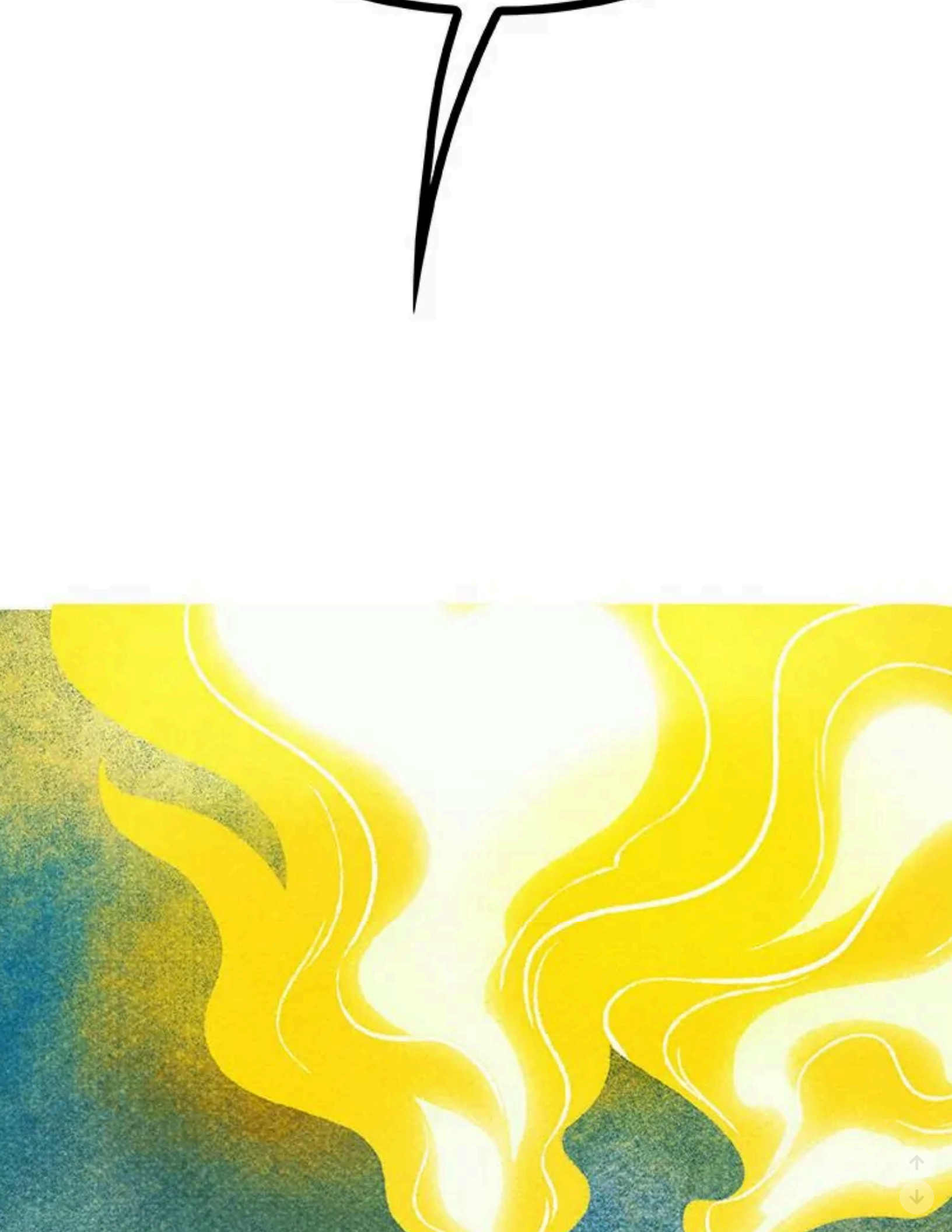
but you know what will
make you feel better?



What?




Witchcraft.






The meeting must be
over now.



An illustration in a painterly, textured style. A person with long brown hair, wearing a blue dress, is shown in a dynamic, possibly falling or lying down pose. The background is a mix of purple and blue washes. A large yellow oval speech bubble is positioned in the upper left, containing the text "What's happening to me?". The overall mood is one of confusion or distress.

What's happening
to me?



Was that phone
call real?



What have you done
with my daughter?





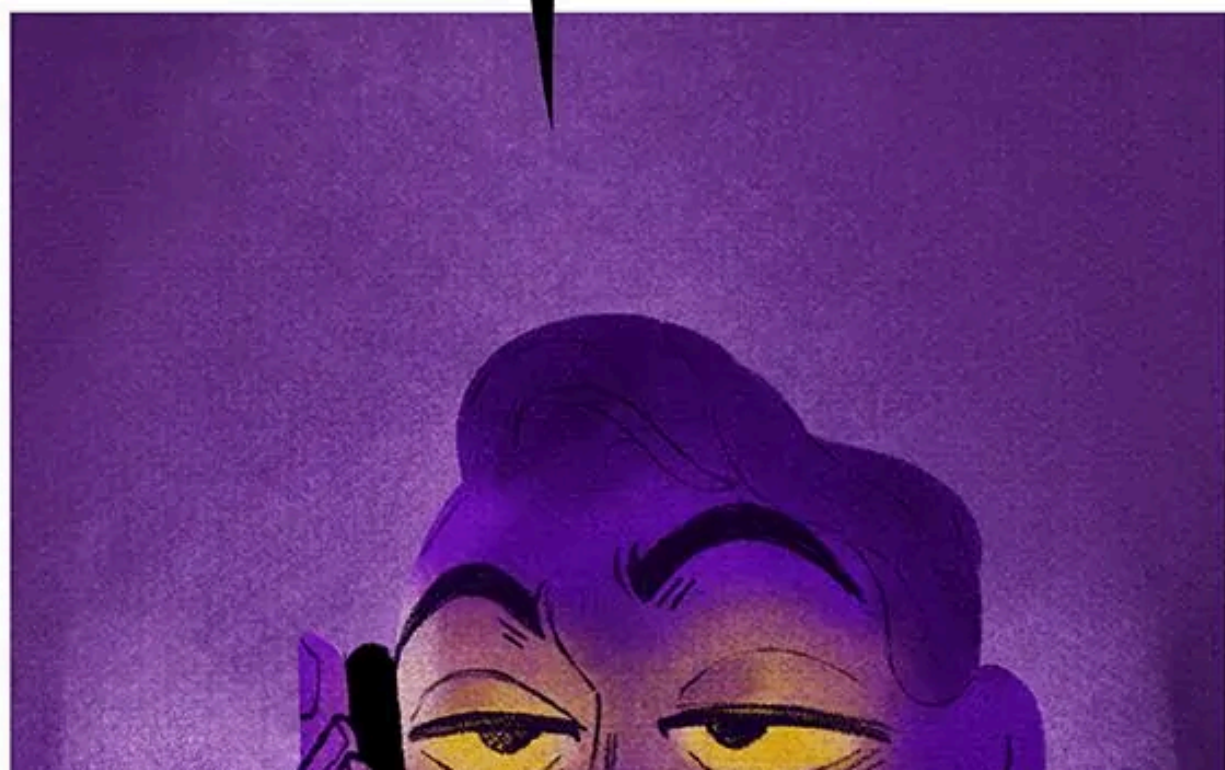
COUGH

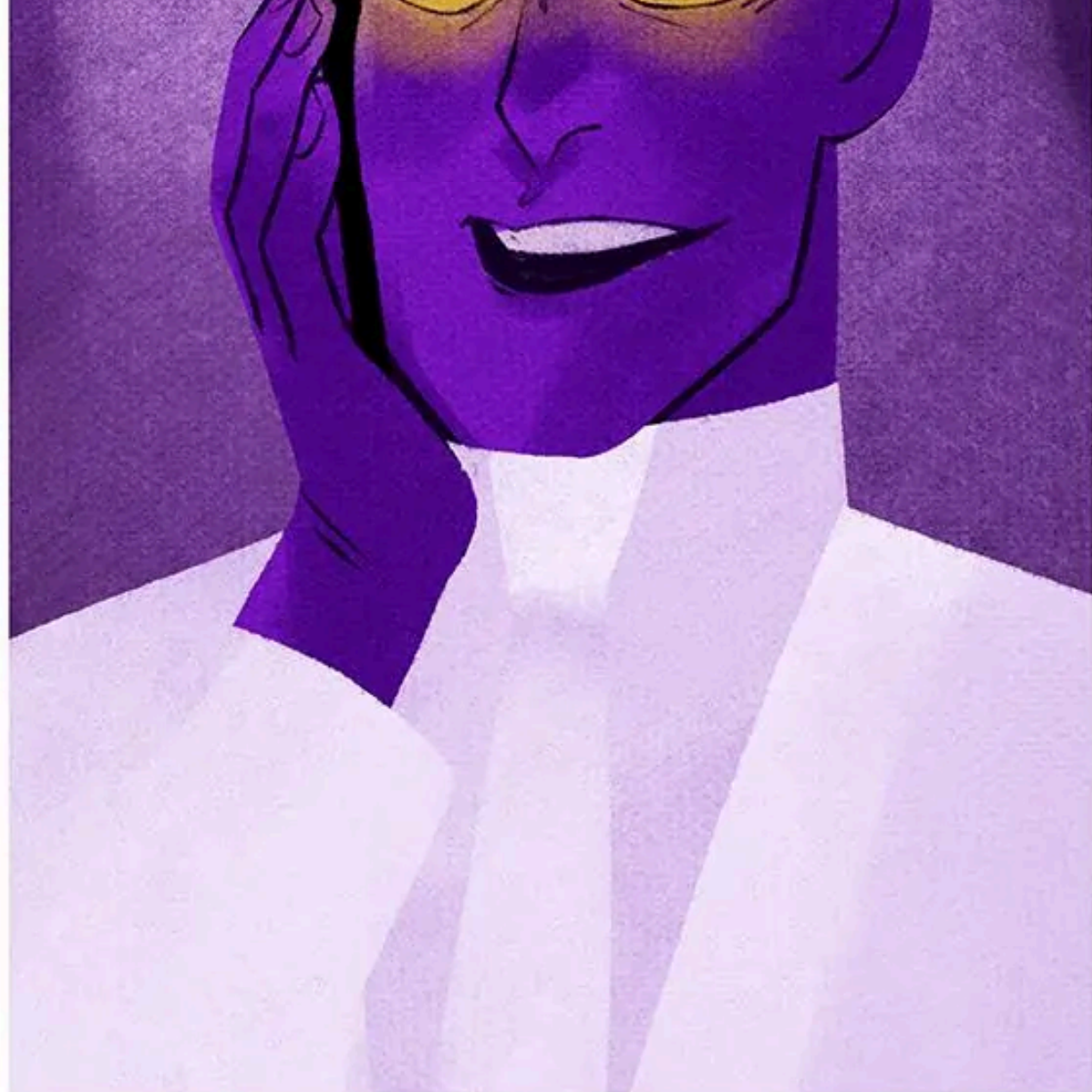
COUGH





I haven't done
anything to her. But if
you ask me, if she wasn't
guilty, she wouldn't
have run.





*I know that you are
behind all of this.*








What can you
do about these
wild theories?

With all due
respect Your
Majesty,

shut the fuck up.
This whole smoking,
drama-laden,


jaded waif routine
is done. It's over.
Truly.



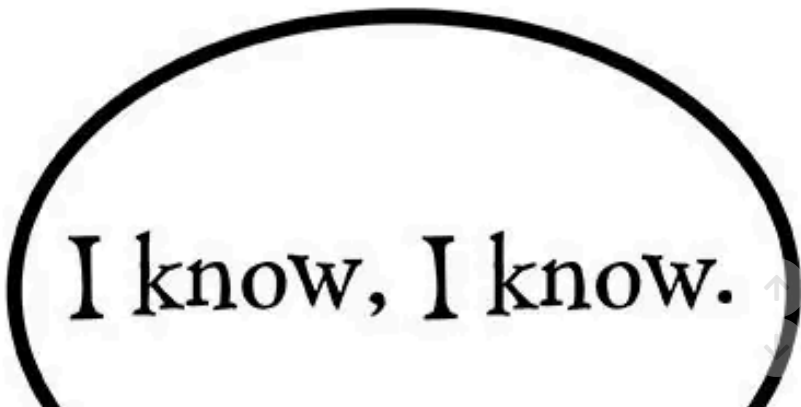


You're old, you're
sickly, and you don't
have Zeus to back you
up anymore.





How dare-



I know, I know.



“How dare me.”

Again, I have no reason to

listen to you.

And why would
anyone else, for that
matter?







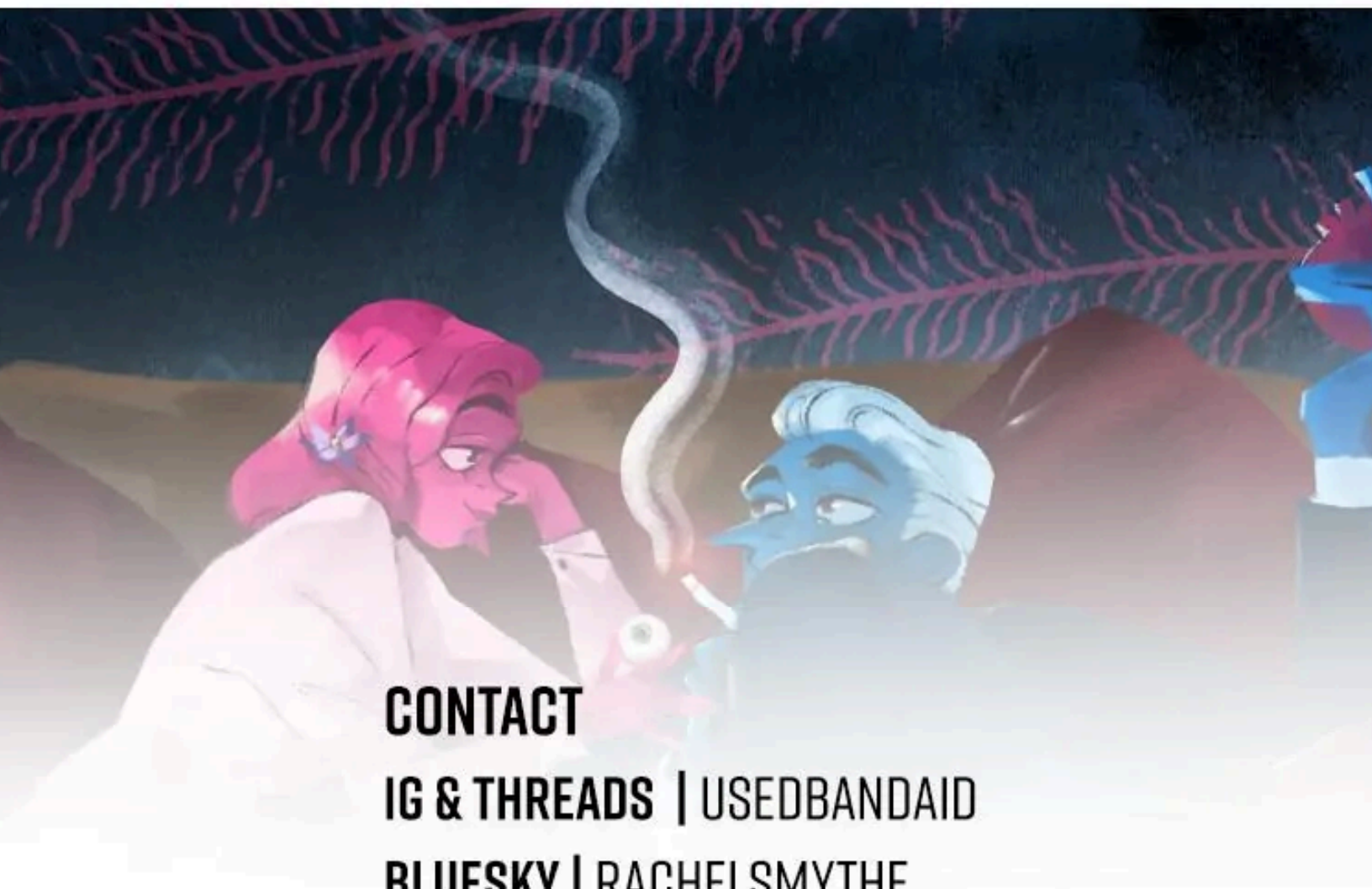
Once upon a time, you let
Kronos have a taste, and
everyone has had to kiss your
ass ever since.







But those
days are over.



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